

MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER

S-M



Norma Shearer

MARLAND
STONE

Can
Clara Bow
Come Back?

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST LOVERS!

Do MOVIES and MARRIAGES Mix?

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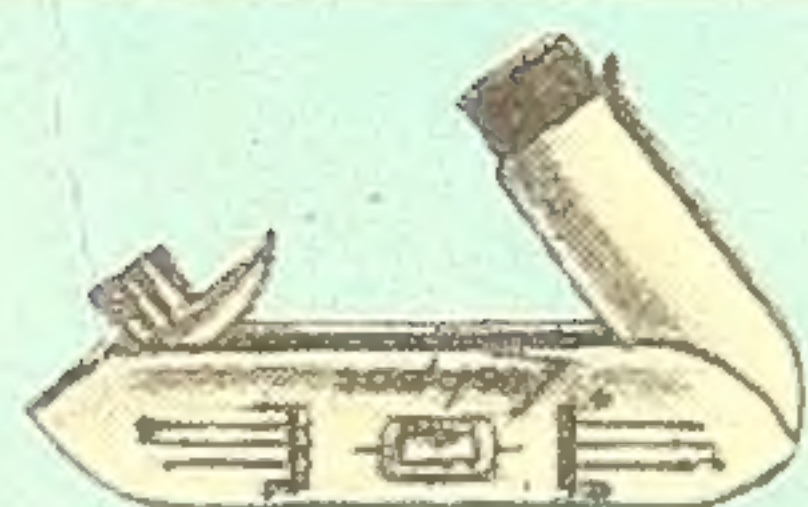
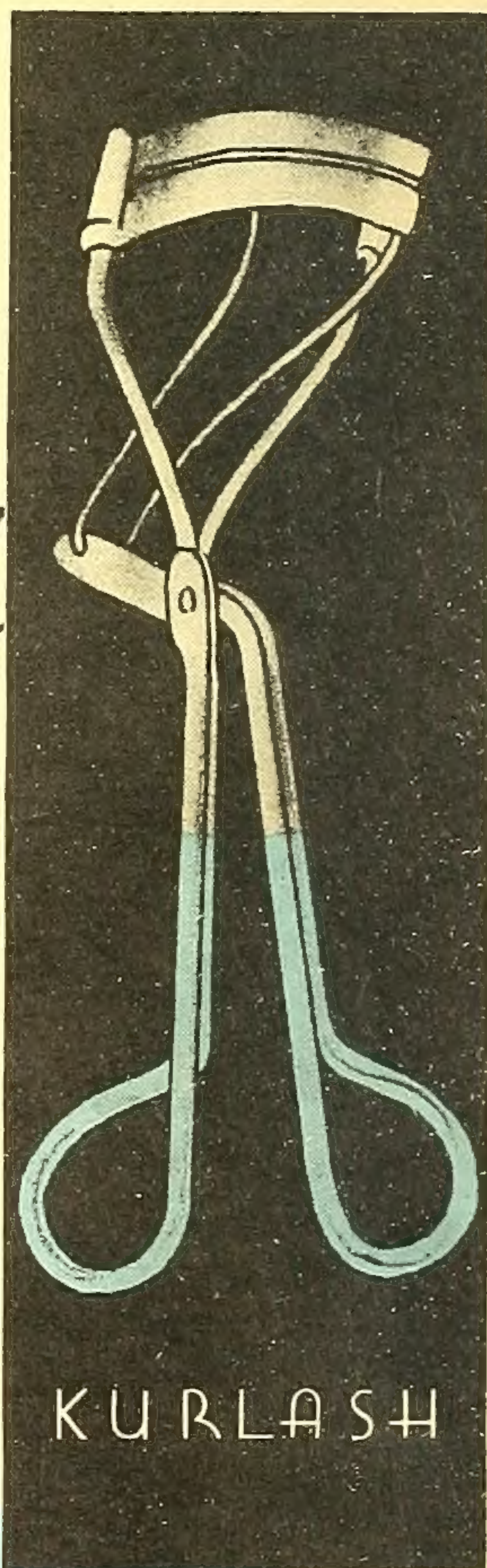
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AUG 20 1931

MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER, 1931

I No. 1

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

FEATURE ARTICLES

The Screen's Most Baffling Blonde—Who Is She?	Sara Hamilton	15
Do Movies And Marriages Mix?	Lillian Shirley	16
Hollywood's Hottest Lovers	Harry D. Wilson	18
Can Clara Bow Ever Come Back?	Toni Gallant	20
Clara Will Come Back—A Bigger Star Than Ever	Audrey Rivers	22
Crawford—Shearer—Garbo Are Now Three Of A Kind	Helen Louise Walker	23
Dolores Del Rio Isn't Beaten Yet	Gladys Hall	24
A New Redhead Succeeds Clara Bow—Peggy Shannon	Elisabeth Goldbeck	50
A New Favorite With The Women—Warren William	Betty Willis	59
Born To The Spotlight—Leila Hyams	Helen Varden	60

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

Rex Lease Parts From Bride—Eleanor Hunt	Nancy Pryor	36
William Powell Weds Carole Lombard	Joan Standish	37
Out Of The Ditch And Into The Movies—Jim Thorpe	J. Eugene Chrisman	38
Reri's Real Name Is Anna	Don Winters	39
Star Annoyed By Wisecrack—Helen Hayes	Muriel Babcock	40
Garbo Never Sleeps	Faith Service	41
How Many Marriages For Clark Gable?	Dorothy Calhoun	42
Star Reported Slain By Princess—Jeanette MacDonald	Jack Grant	43
The Gilbert-Bennett Romance Fades Out	Dorothy Donnell	44

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Jeanette MacDonald	27	Miriam Hopkins Earns A Holiday	51
Doll And The Dragon—Anna May Wong	28	Joan Bennett	52
Hard Arlen	29	Helen Twelvetrees Of The Screen's Navee	53
Beautiful And Tanned—Anita Page	30	Edward G. Robinson	54
Lilian Bond	32	James Cagney	55
Sub-Deb Subdues A Sub-Tropical Sun—Joan Marsh	33	The Cinema Psyche At The Pool—Jean Harlow	56
Marion Davies	34	Pola Negri	57
Movie Classic's Pictorial Tabloid	35	Dita Parlo	58

MOVIE CLASSIC'S DEPARTMENTS

Between You And Me	Larry Reid	6	Anonymously Yours	Cholly Hollywood	26
Tipping You Off—Low-Downs on the Stars		10	Looking Them Over—Hollywood Gossip	Dorothy Manners	45
Our Hollywood Neighbors—Close-Ups	Marquis Busby	12	Taking In The Talkies—Reviews	Larry Reid	48

COVER DRAWING OF NORMA SHEARER BY MARLAND STONE

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BETWEEN YOU AND M

DO you know who now has Paramount's No. 1 dressing-room, formerly occupied by Clara Bow—not to mention Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson? Sylvia Sidney, who took Clara's place in "City Streets."

The elf-faced, dark-haired newcomer may not have Clara's energy, Pola's passion, or Gloria's grandeur—but she is on her way to the heights. Don't miss seeing her as *Roberta Alden* in "An American Tragedy," which looms as the year's best picture—even if it may send shivers up Theodore Dreiser's spine.

PARAMOUNT seems to be starting all over again. Bow is out. Powell and Kay Francis have gone to Warners. Buddy Rogers is now but a featured player. (He is about ready to give up the screen for the radio. My spies tell me he'll have his own band at the New Yorker Hotel in New York.) Jack Oakie has also been demoted. The only stars left are Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, George Bancroft, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Maurice Chevalier, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook and the four Marxes. (Don't forget the Marxes.) Ruth Chatterton and Nancy Carroll are likely to stay.

But Paramount has the most promising army of reserves of any studio in Hollywood: Paul Lukas, Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, William (Stage) Boyd, Peggy Shannon, Lilyan Tashman, Eugene Pallette and Stuart Erwin. There are plenty of coming stars in that bunch!

CLARK GABLE and James Cagney are the two lads you want to keep your eyes on. They're the sensations of 1931. (And doesn't it seem like old times to have sensations again?) Their reputations have grown like Jack's beanstalk. Each is slated for stardom in the fall.

WOMEN—even the hard-to-please Hollywood kind—are calling Clark Gable the greatest lover since Valentino. And Gable's career, in part, is surprisingly like Valentino's. After considerable banging about the world, he finally drifted to Hollywood. After much struggle, he became an extra, finally graduating to "heavy" parts. But here their records differ. No single picture has pushed Gable ahead the way "The Four Horsemen" pushed Valentino. Despite the handicap, Gable has become the most romantic figure on the screen to-day.

Cagney is of a different stamp. He excites the admiration a great actor always excites. His type is also rare. There was little that was likable about his character in "The Public Enemy." He deliberately set out to show you how weak and despicable a

gangster could be—and accomplished his aim. He was different, intensely different. He didn't pose, he didn't look love-sick. He was built to fit his rôle. With the rôles built to fit his youth, he is made of the sort of thing that Jannings used to do.

YOU'D better give up that hope of seeing Gable and Gilbert together again. (I have.) And Walter Winchell had better give up that phrase: "they're Garbo-Gilberting." The new phrase for warm-emo-ing, Walter, is going to be either "Garbo-Gable-ing" or "Gable-Garbo-ing." John Gilbert is getting so tired from his great-lover rôles that there now are afoot to have him play *Arsene Lupin*, the celebrated fictional detective. But one thing about John Gilbert has proved at last that he can lick the talkies.

THE wisest thing Clara Bow ever did was to turn down those tempting stage offers (ten thousand dollars or more a week). If she had accepted, the natural conclusion would have been that she was deliberately capitalizing on all those headlines—and her popularity would have hit an all-time low. As it is, her fans—and there are millions of them—still feel that Clara has had bad breaks, and still want to see her get a good rest and then come back with a bang.

WHAT won't flappers think of next? The newest fad in Minneapolis is to wear tiny silhouettes of favorite movie stars—either sewn on dresses, or glued on calves. Preferably, glued on calves.

THERE are only two stage stars of any importance who have not heeded the siren call of Hollywood—Katherine Cornell and Jane Cowl. Helen Hayes is here at last. Watch this girl. She may not have the looks of a Dietrich, a Del Rio, or a Damita—but she has what personality! She makes you forget she's an actress. She makes you forget that you're watching a drama that came out of somebody's fertile brain. You'll see her first in "Lullaby," and then as *Leora* opposite Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis' best story, "Arrowsmith."

YOU will notice that there are no fan letters in this first issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. But next month, watch for them! And how about yourself? Isn't there something you'd like to tell the movie world?

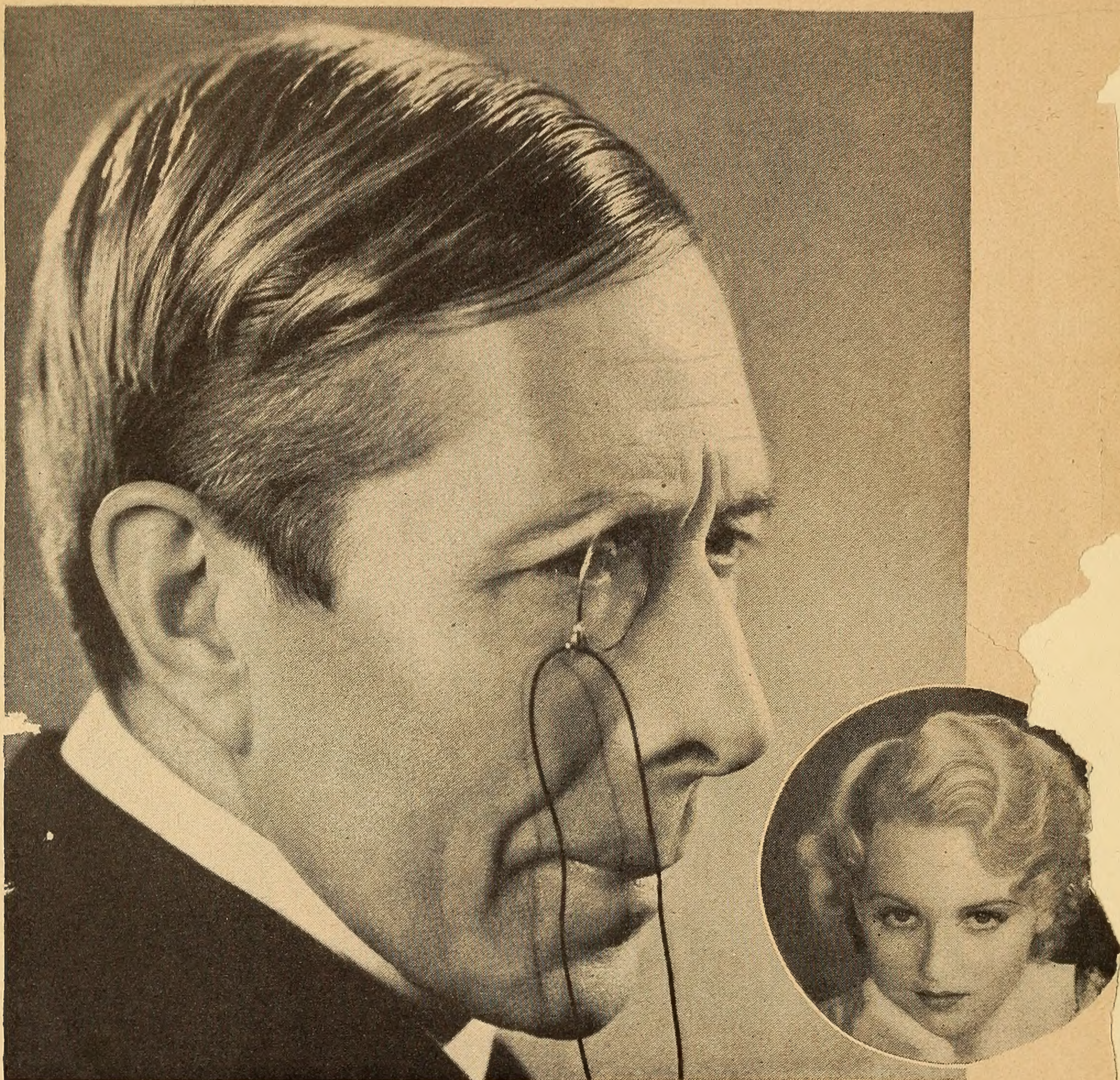
Larry Reid

YOU HAVE A DATE . . .



.and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment. You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.

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and dialogue by Julian Josephson.
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Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell...a supreme romance of young love—the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen...a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan...the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood...lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted...?

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl...Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulsates with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find...James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood...epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

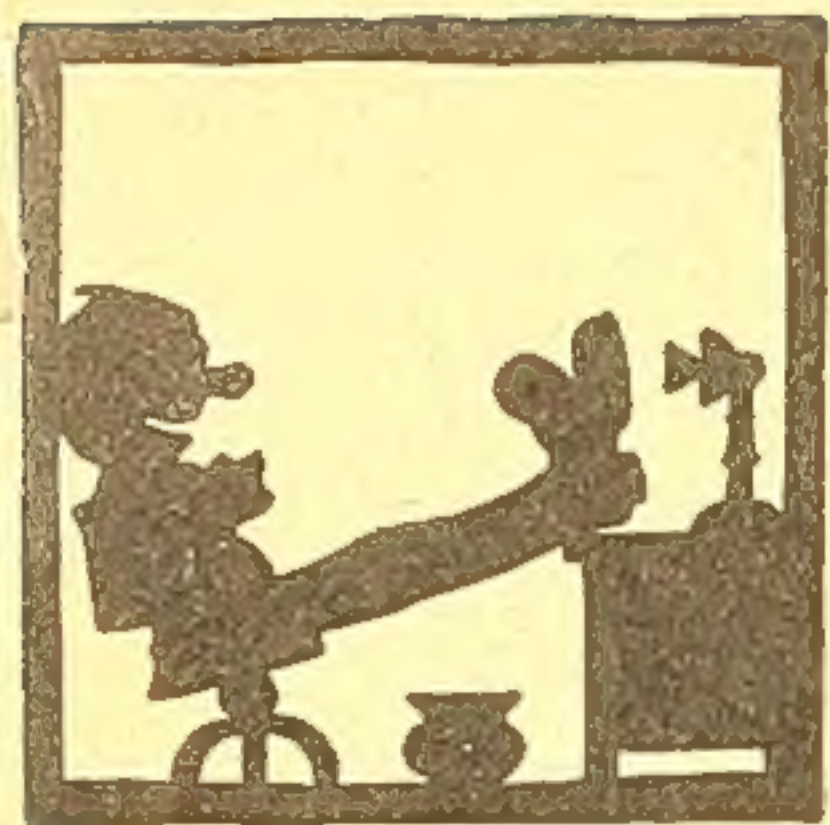
Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

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TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

IT'S getting so that a star can't be temperamental any more at Paramount. If she wants to stage a walk-out and threaten to break her contract, she is free to try. The studio has four girls—no less—all ready to be built into stars: Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sydney, Miriam Hopkins and Peggy Shannon. When Nancy Carroll recently flared up a bit, says one who should know, she was gently reminded of this little fact.

Speaking of Nancy, the ex-Mrs. Jack Kirkland lost no time in getting married again. Her six-weeks' Mexican divorce—obtained by proxy—was no sooner in effect than the changeable red-head murmured "I do" to Bolton Mallory, editor of *Life*. It's getting so that it's as easy to marry as it is to get a divorce.

Word seeps out that Garbo is nearly ready to break her long silence. Rumor has it that reporters for the dailies and the press associations will all be summoned into the Glamorous Presence one of these days and will be allowed a joint interview. If true, you have a right to suspect that Dietrich's meteoric rise and, moreover, her willingness to let the public know her are largely responsible.

Greta's new picture—"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox"—has caused no end of trouble. First, it was called "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox." That had to be changed, and with it the story. It took so long to agree on a leading man that Clark Gable had time to become a sensation meanwhile, so he was given the rôle. All in all, twenty-two writers have worked on the story. At least six times, Garbo herself has stopped production to have the plot altered.

As you thought, James Cagney will soon be a star. The youngster who made talkie history in "The Public Enemy" will be high-spotted in the fall in "Blind Spot." Did you know that he was born on the border of the "Hell's Kitchen"

section of New York, that his father owned a handsome saloon, and that he used to play in the two-a-day—except that in the theaters he played the vaudeville was the five-a-day kind?

Duncan Renaldo, the *Little Peru* of "Trader Horn," has finally disproved his ex-wife's charge that he is an alien, but he hasn't seen the end of his troubles. He has convinced immigration authorities that he was born in Camden, N. J., in 1904, but was taken to Rumania by his mother when he was four, not returning until he was seventeen. All of which explains his foreign accent. Now the former Mrs. Renaldo is asking him to meet those alimony payments. The legal agreement was that he would pay when he was working. But he has been so busy disproving her allegations that he hasn't had a chance to work!

All of the principals in "Trader Horn" have had tough breaks. After returning from the long location trip to Africa, Edwina Booth was ill for months from jungle fever and hasn't yet done another feature. Harry Carey's fine performance as Horn was not rewarded by a flock of big-time offers. He now is making a serial.



Longworth

Just a little get-together as they do it in Mexico. James Cagney and Joan Blondell say it is the most delightful of old Spanish customs

daughter! . . . Grant, who hasn't had much say in the matter of their separation, is back on the screen again, starting anew in Sono-Art's "First Aid." In the picture one girl leaves him cold, and he thinks another does—and in both cases he takes it hard. That's like Grant.

Lily Damita has gone back to *la Belle France* for a vacation. On the same boat that she hopped was a well-known picture executive. A strange coincidence? . . .
(Continued on page 69)

Qualify FOR THE OPPORTUNITY

TO WIN ONE OF 12 FIRST PRIZES OF \$625.00 EACH!

Come to the boat races at Chicago's great Centennial Exposition in 1933! Just imagine! Midsummer, 1933 . . . Chicago's new world's fair at its height! . . . Racing craft of every description madly churning the placid blue waters of Lake Michigan . . . death defying speed, noise and excitement . . . thrills galore for more than a million spectators . . . What a scene to stir the imagination! A famous Chicago artist was inspired to create his conception of the spectacle and has permitted me to present his picture with this IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT OF A GREAT OFFER, in which scores of prizes totaling \$8,275.00 will be paid. (This is a startling new friend-making prize distribution for publicity purposes.) You can co-operate and win a splendid prize when final decision is announced! In this drawing, two of the racing boats are perfect duplicates of one another. Can you find them? If you would like a chance to win one of 12 equal first prizes, valued at \$625.00 each, simply submit an answer to this question: Which two of the boats shown in the accompanying illustration are exactly alike? Most of the boats look alike but only two are actually the same—alike in size, shape, width, design and markings. Can YOU find the twin boats?



This is a limited opportunity. If you are interested and are eligible to participate, you may win one of the 12 equal first prizes. Study these racing boats carefully. The painted designs or markings are different. Some are nearly all white, others partly dark with wide or narrow strips. The inside of some of the boats are dark, others are white. The sternboards of some are white, others are dark. Study all the different markings carefully. You do not need to send the numbers of any but the twin boats. Remember, ONLY TWO of the numbered boats are twins. Every detail must correspond exactly before you can be sure you have succeeded! Just send the numbers of the twins! Beside the 12 equal first prizes of \$500.00 each and other prizes, we have set aside a dozen extra awards of \$125.00 each, for promptness, so the 12 first prizes will equal a total of \$625.00 each in cash. If there are ties for any prizes, duplicate prizes will be paid. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer nor will you have to buy anything. There are no more puzzles to solve, either. My organization is located in Chicago so in fairness to all, this offer is not open to persons living in Chicago (or outside the U. S. A.). Start your work right now. If you can find the twin boats and are prompt and win one of the 12 first prizes, you will receive \$625.00 or a latest model Ford Tudor Sedan and \$125.00 cash. Rush the numbers of the twins to me at once. You will be told promptly if your answer is selected as correct.

COME TO THE BOAT RACES AT CHICAGO CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION 1933

W. M. CLARK, Manager, - Room 38, - 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

N Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

THIS might just as well be termed Rumor Month right in the beginning. Rumors have been flying around Hollywood as thick as actors at a producer's birthday party. And it's a good thing that there is something new to chin about. For awhile nobody did anything to get talked about. People at the Embassy Club and the Brown Derby resorted to talking about what they'd read lately. It was sort of tough on some of them. It looked like a laryngitis epidemic in some cases. Life and caviar-on-toast were awful bores.

It's all changed now. Howard Hughes has been reported as very friendly with Lillian Bond, and Billie Dove is also reported as pretty sore about the whole business. Howard ("Hell's Angels") Hughes is starring Billie in "The Age For Love," and a Hollywood wit suggests it would be just dandy to follow up with Lillian Bond in "The Second Age For Love."

The Hughes-Dove romance has been reported as languishing for some time. What, no wedding bells!

NUMBER two in the rumors, and rather far-fetched if you ask me, is that Joan Crawford is expecting that old "blessed event." I'll believe that when I see Joan wheeling a baby carriage down the Boulevard. I thought it was definitely settled that there would be no patter of little feet in the Crawford-Fairbanks manse for quite some time. Unlike most royal houses, "Pickfair" doesn't exactly yearn for a third generation. After all, Doug. Sr. would look kind of silly hopping over pianos, with a grandchild in the background. Mary Pickford couldn't go *Kiki*-ing around if she were a grandma—even a step-grandma. However, friends of Joan assure me that she would like to have a child.

Until a year ago, it looked as if the stork had gone out of fashion with bustles in Hollywood. Norma Shearer sort of gave it social *éclat*, and now Bebe Daniels, expecting in September, makes it quite *comme il faut*. There goes that dollar-a-lesson conversational French.

NATURALLY there are always Garbo rumors. The world thrives on them. Right now the chatter has it that Garbo will "go home" to Sweden. Option time is coming around, and she is through with "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." (Gosh, it's going to be tough on the electrician, getting all of that in electric lights.) However, Garbo starts to work immediately in "Mata Hari," and that will carry her past the time when the option on her contract expires. Her fans (and if they all voted the Demo-

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

cratic ticket, the Republicans wouldn't have a chance) don't have to start worrying for awhile.

Gossip also has it that Garbo has bought a house near Stockholm, and that she has all the money she will ever want. The wildest report of all—and it just goes to show that you can hear anything in this town—was that Garbo would elope with King Vidor. I don't know what was to happen to Eleanor Boardman. Maybe she was to be poisoned first. At least, it was the most insane rumor since the sensational report that Gloria Swanson was dead.



After what he did in "An American Tragedy," you wouldn't think Sylvia Sidney would go down to the water again with Phillips Holmes. But off the screen, they're pals

WITH the dog days upon us, the town is pretty well deserted. To give any accurate report on stellar doings, a writer should be all of the Smith Brothers or the Seven Sutherland Sisters, and be all over the map.

A Paris letter reveals that Claire Windsor is making the tourists sit up and take notice at the Ritz bar, and glimpsed here and there about the oo-la-la city are Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies and Constance Talmadge. Favorites of other days also in Paris are Nita Naldi, Alice Terry, Carlyle Blackwell and Pearl White, now the owner of a smart casino and wearing diamonds enough to pay the French debts. Grace Moore is at her villa at Antibes, near Cannes, with her brand-new Spanish husband, Vincente Parara. Doris Kenyon and Julia Faye are studying voice in Germany.

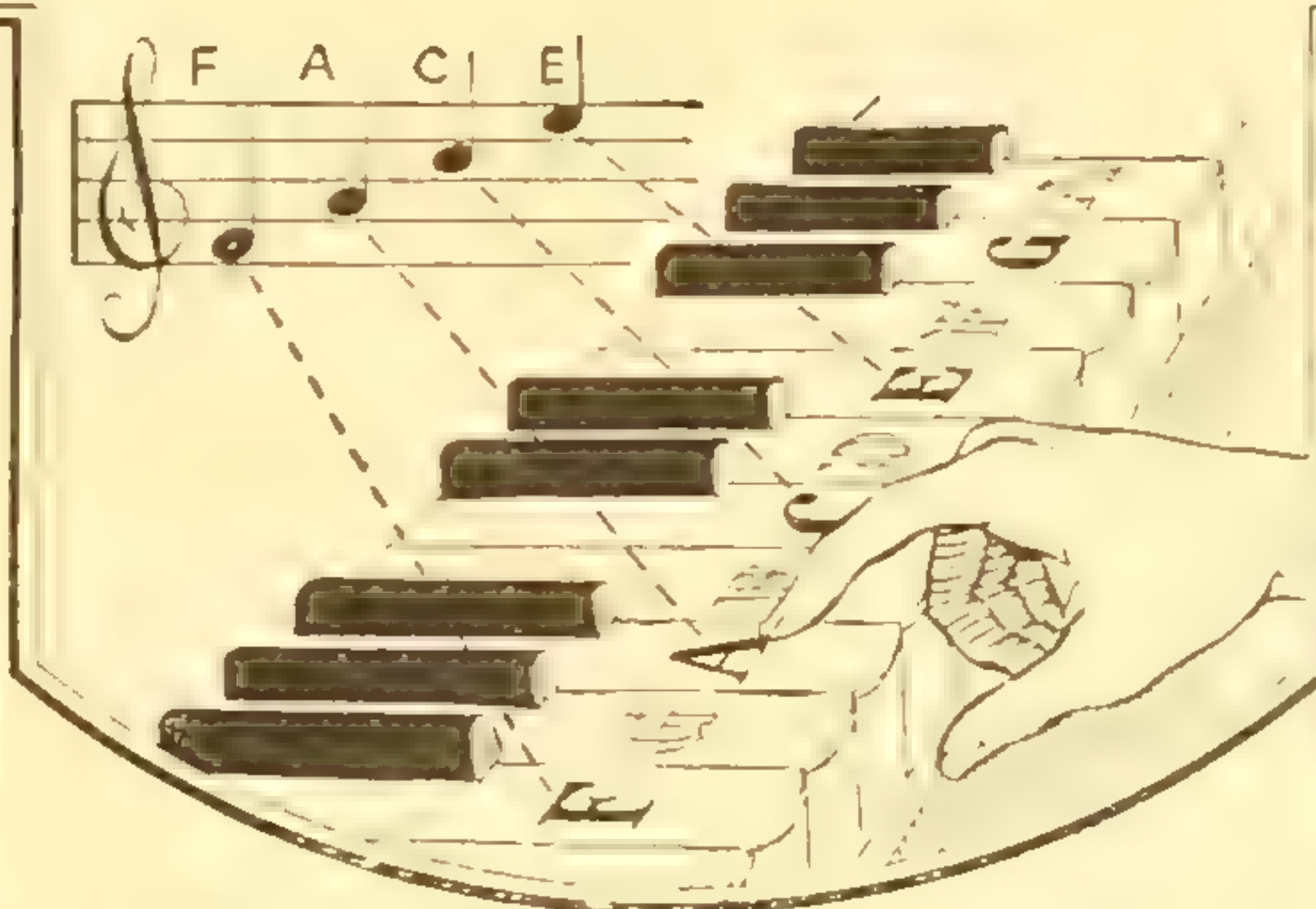
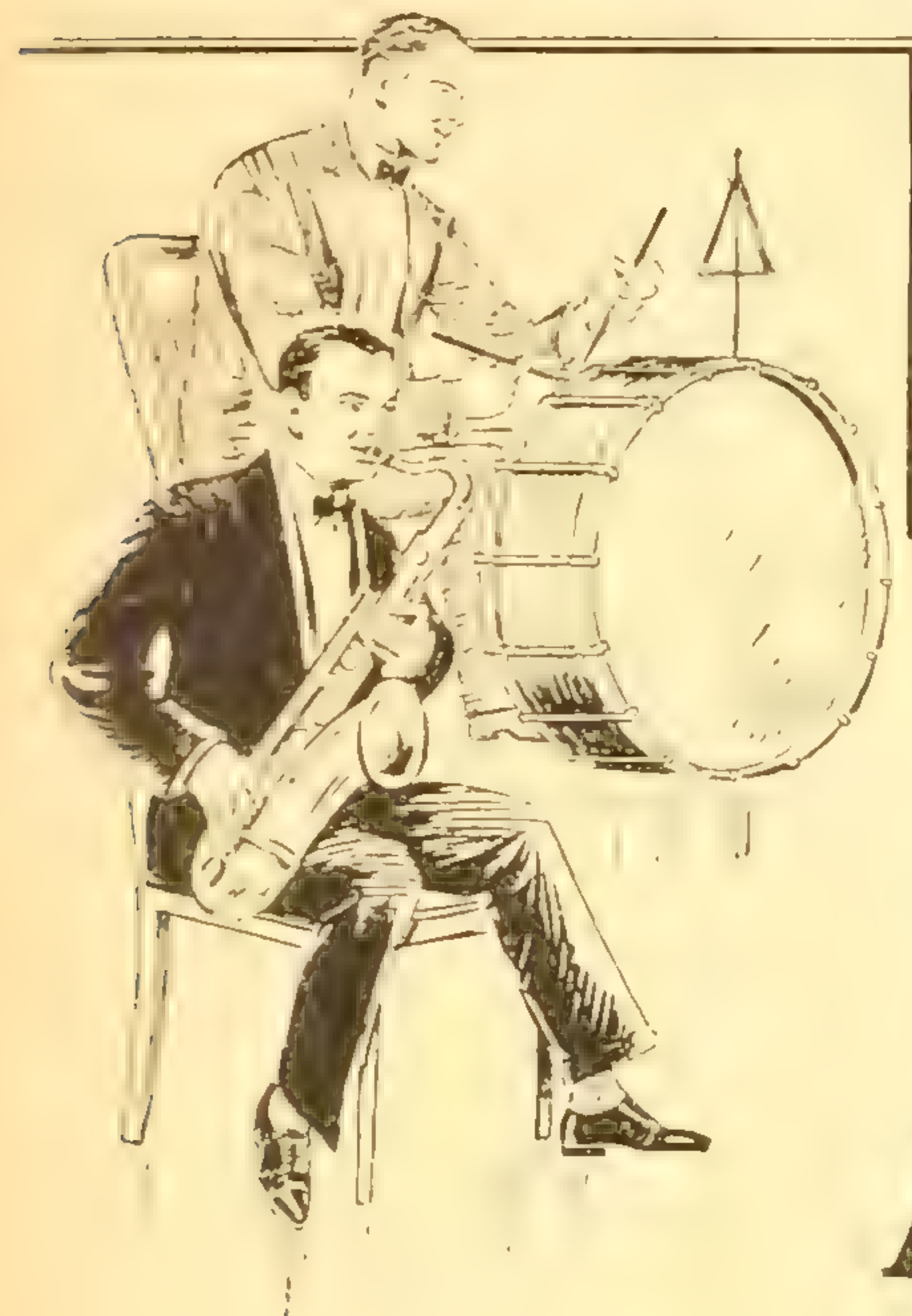
Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Warner Baxter, the newly-wed Powells and Dorothy Mackaill are getting sunburned at Waikiki. They say Dorothy is so dark you can't tell her from a native. When she returns to Hollywood, she will bring back her Honolulu fiancé, Neil Miller, who is the son of a retired Los Angeles business man.

Malibu still holds forth. Speaking of Malibu, Lilyan Tashman wishes she hadn't made such a to-do about her new beach house, red and white inside and out. It's such a novelty that people swarm there. On the Fourth of July one hundred people were shown through. Lil feels as if she's living in one of those exhibition houses on the state fair grounds.

JACKIE COOPER was having some publicity stills made with Marie Dressler. "I'm your new girl-friend," said Marie, beaming on the juvenile white hope of the screen.

(Continued on page 74)

Half a Million People *have learned music this easy way*



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beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

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same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home — without paying big fees to private teachers.

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RONALD COLMAN

• You will never forget . . .

"RAFFLES"

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"

and now—during a time when thea-
tre goers are selecting their pictures
as they have never done before

Samuel Goldwyn presents

RONALD COLMAN

A new, adventurous . . . different pic-
ture to thrill you who have demanded
more than the *ordinary* . . . the unusual.

• Samuel Goldwyn has once again
created superb entertainment . . . swash-
buckling excitement, with Ronald
Colman . . . gentleman adventurer in
the oasis of "THE UNHOLY GARDEN"
on the edge of the Sahara.

• There you will meet "The Unholy
Family" . . . a dozen *unforgettable* souls,
gathered together in this refuge . . .
beyond the reach of the law . . . to
plot *new* murder, robbery and rapine.



with **FAY WRAY** and
ESTELLE TAYLOR

"The UNHOLY GARDEN"

A United Artists Picture Story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION





The Screen's Most Baffling Blonde

Who Is She?

SHE reads poetry. And loves it. And not only reads it, but writes it—and what is more, sells it to magazines. Reams of it. Signs it “Miss Anonymous.” Which means absolutely nothing to you when reading the little verses. What you haven’t suspected, however, is that “Miss Anonymous” is one of the most popular actresses on the screen to-day.

Sophisticated. Ultra-smart. And completely unpoetical in aspect.

She’s a weird jumble of many traits.

For instance, for all her haughty mien, she has a delightful sense of humor.

You knew, of course, that she had two dogs, an expensive roadster and a swell coat of tan, but somehow, you have felt that humor is out of this young modern’s scheme of things.

It isn’t.

More than that, she likes people with a quick sense of humor. And loathes affected people. If a broad “a” and a cultured accent are part and parcel of yourself, be a broad-“a” person by all means. But if you naturally speak with a healthy twang, twang away. She likes that.

She smokes a low-priced brand of American cigarettes and eats the plainest food imaginable. She has no time for rare or fancy foods.

Dora, who has been her housekeeper for eight years, comes to the studio each day and cooks her lunch.

It consists of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert. She never diets. It’s never necessary. In fact, she constantly despairs of being too thin. She weighs ninety-four pounds.

Contrary to all the rules and regulations of the well-dressed woman, she does not cling to any one particular scent. She uses many different perfumes. And changes them according to her moods. She may feel “lilac-ish” one week and like “something from Chanel” the next.

She works harder than any average working-woman and puts in hours that would drive many a shop girl to Russia.

She arrives at the studio before eight and never leaves before eight at night. And goes home so wretchedly tired that one wonders why a woman of wealth would do it. She wonders herself, sometimes.

She owns twenty-five pairs of pajamas, ranging all the way from the cheapest cotton to the sleekest satin. And wears them about the house constantly.

She runs her house on a budget and keeps a keen eye on all the expenditures. Nothing gets by her.

Her servants remain with her for years.

Her chauffeur has the easiest life in all chauffeur-dom, for she loves to drive, herself. And nearly always does. She handles the wheel like an expert.

(Continued on page 64)

Read this
unusually vivid
character study and
you’ll see this star in
a new light. She’s popular
and personable and totally
feminine—an enigma to her-
self as well as to her friends.
Possessing a keen mind, she
uses it—but her heart
more often rules. She’s
a star who has all
H o l l y w o o d
baffled

Do Movies and

You never can tell how screen fail more often than they succeed. marriages can be blamed and not enough



POLA
NEGRI



JOBYNA
RALSTON



GLORIA
SWANSON



INA
CLAIRE



VIOLA
DANA



MILDRED
DAVIS
LLOYD

CAN'T a woman be a movie star and be happily married at the same time? Can't marriages and movies mix? A few say, "Yes" and a few say, "Sometimes." Most say, "No." Some put it into words, and some put it into actions—which speak louder than words. It's like this:

BY LILLIAN

"I had to quit my work or my husband," says Ina Claire. "You can't have two stars in one family—and keep it a family."

"Gloria's a great girl, but as a wife she's a business woman first, and that smashed us up," says the Marquis Henri de la Falaise et de la Coudraye.

"The money and fame that go with screen stardom can't compare with the happy companionship of a congenial, affectionate husband," says Florence Vidor.

"I couldn't raise a family at home while my husband was raising Cain outside of it, so I went back to my screen job, got me a governess and a divorce," announces another actress, who doesn't let me use her name.

There you have four different points of view that just about explain all the screen marriage troubles, and out of them we can make this four-cornered rule:

You can't have a happy marriage in studio or theater if (1) both parties put their jobs first; (2) if one of them is in pictures and the other in commerce; (3) if both are egotists, or (4) if either one thinks more of a career than of husband or wife. There are exceptions, but they are not numerous enough to upset the rule.

Gloria Gloried in Business

THE Swanson-de la Falaise marriage went on the rocks after one of the most promising starts imaginable, because—Hank says—Gloria insisted on putting her screen business first.

"If she had been content to be my wife, to live in my home and to help me make it a real love partnership, we should have gone on together nicely. But no, she is a business woman, and her business took so much of her time that we must live apart too long. I respect her immensely, but no real marriage can continue under the shadow of a wife's business career."

So Henri shrugs his Gallic shoulders and is to be seen much

WHAT SOME OF THE STARS

"You Can't Have Two Stars In A Home"—*Ina Claire.*

"One Of Us Working Is Plenty And My Husband Can Be It. I'm Out For Keeps"—*Jobyna Ralston.*

"The Money And Fame That Go With Screen Stardom Can't Compare With The Companionship Of A Congenial Husband"—*Florence Vidor.*

"I Think Two's Enough In A Family"—*Estelle Taylor.*

Marriages Mix?

marriages will turn out. They
The failure of most Hollywood
upon too much love of business
business of love

SHIRLEY

in the company of Constance Bennett. Which makes the Marquis look a trifle inconsistent, for Constance also seems pretty thoroughly wedded to her screen career, and has been ever since her first marital experiment with young Chester Moorhead, which lasted very briefly and suffered an annulment. Phil Plant tried desperately to keep Constance in private life—and failed.

Perhaps it would not be kind—or wise—to hint that the depth of love is to be measured by self-sacrifice. Usually the self-sacrifice is supposed to be supplied by the woman. Though once in a while a very adaptable gentleman may be found who is willing to forsake anything in the way of a business career he might have had and let his wife do the family earning. Generally, the lady tires of the rôle of breadwinner in the end.

Pola Wasn't "Princess" First

THERE'S Pola Negri, who doubtless loved her princeling husband, but became as angry as a wet partridge if anyone assumed to forget that she was Pola, the artist, first and the Princess Mdivani afterward. I know, because I had a very snappy note from her once, calling my attention to it. It may have been this arrangement of her titles that sent her marriage with a bang into a Paris divorce court.

Phyllis Haver was rising steadily through the picture grades when she met Billy Seeman, the young scion of a New York family that owns one of the great grocery concerns of America. Now, Phyllis may be light-hearted and gay, but she's not light-headed. Doubtless she went into conference with herself and thought it all out. If she should become Mrs. Seeman of New York and try to be Phyllis Haver of Hollywood also, it would only be a question of time until she or her husband or both of them would begin to chafe.

"So," says Phyllis, "it was just a case of deciding which I loved most, and I decided it was the man I was going to marry." Whereupon she put the screen behind her and substituted New York and a husband for Hollywood and a career.

When newspapers told us that Jack Dempsey had gone to Reno to divorce Estelle Taylor, there was a gasp all over Hollywood.

(Continued on page 70)

SAY ABOUT MARRIAGE

"I Wouldn't Give Up My Children For All The Screens In Hollywood"—*Mildred Davis Lloyd.*

"Two Might Be Married, But Only One Can Do Screen Work"—*Marilyn Miller.*

"Love And Marriage Is The Life"—*Viola Dana.*

"The Screen? No, Thank You—Marriage Means A Home, And A Home Is Everything"—*Dorothy Dwan.*



HELENE
COSTELLO



PHYLLIS
HAVER



FLORENCE
VIDOR



DOROTHY
DWAN



ESTELLE
TAYLOR



MARILYN
MILLER

Hollywood's Hottest Lovers

The art of making love has come back to the screen and there are many experts. But who are the champion heart-breakers of the talkies as picked by Hollywood actresses themselves?

This story tells you

THESE screen boys who have the women of America all jittery, these burning-eyed, broad-shouldered, well-tailored sheiks—are they so hot in Hollywood? Which of the screen's professional love-makers are favored by the lovely ladies of their own home-town?

Male sex appeal seems to be the box-office lure these days. There are fifty male stars under contract, while less than forty women rate headline honors. "It" is masculine

Ronald Colman may be the reserved type of Romeo—but how filmdom's own sirens rave about him! He's close to being their favorite



gender these days. What is this mysterious quality? Ask the blasé feminine stars—women who have known every type of love and lover!

Pola Negri says, "Give me the dark man. He has passion, romance, fire, and for love he is wonderful." The world knows of Pola's adoration for Valentino. She responds readily to the Latin type. There's a reason. When swarthy skin and passion-laden eyes flash across her vision, Pola's senses quicken—she is thrilled.

"When it comes to real love, bringing kindness and understanding, we get that mostly from fair men. They reach our hearts a little more slowly perhaps, because our eyes take longer to see them. But while I may be attracted to a fair-haired man off the screen, it is the dark man who holds my interest in love scenes. Think of Casanova—dark, dangerous—the greatest lover the world has ever known. He was so dangerous they've talked about him for centuries."

Why Gable Thrills Them

POLA is right. The box-office proves dark leading men attract feminine patrons. There are six dark boys for every blond lover in the movies. Clark Gable is the heart-flutterer of the moment. Six feet three, dark almost to swarthinness, he flashes on the screen and feminine pulses quicken, cheeks flush, flesh tingles. The combination of Garbo and Gable in "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise" is about the hottest cinema offering of the season.

John Gilbert, who was king of all he surveyed at M-G-M until Gable arrived on the lot, is probably pondering on the fickleness of feminine fancy. Clark has none of the suave Gilbert manner. While John is lithe and polished, Gable is more of rough-and-ready calibre. He gives one the impression of



There probably isn't an actress in Hollywood who wouldn't like to have Clark Gable look her way. He's even a man's idea of a great lover



Ricardo Cortez may be the Latin type of lover, but he doesn't show his emotions so much as he hints them. And how Ric's "finesse" gets across!



One Hollywood beauty confesses she can hardly wait to see Richard Dix's pictures—because of his "intense virility." He's the big he-man of the screen Romeos



Joel McCrea is the lad some of the feminine favorites prefer off the screen, as well as on. It's his physique that gets them

being a high-powered engineer on a construction job. Not that he's uncouth. He isn't. He proves that he can wear expert tailoring in some of his drawing-room scenes.

In the final analysis, it's this virile muscular something that knocks the feminine contingent for a loop and temporarily distracts their attention from the finesse of a Gilbert. Heavy-lidded eyes and a dimple as deep as a scar are other features that add to this Gable chap's attractions. But they can't explain the sudden sweep of his popularity.

It is a fact that when only his hands appeared across a keyboard during a scene in "Dance, Fools, Dance," thousands of letters poured into the studio addressed, "To The Man With The Magnetic Hands."

Joan Doesn't Always Prefer Blonds

JOAN Crawford may have succumbed to the sensitive-faced, fair-haired Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but she believes that dark-haired men are ace-high when it comes to pictures. "They have a forcefulness, a virility that goes with their natural make-up," says the gorgeous Crawford (now blonde herself). "There's no use denying that a dark skin and richness of coloring appeal to the senses."

"Richard Dix has intense virility," says Dolores Del Rio. (She is speaking as a fan. She has never worked with him in a picture.) "He intrigues me," she continues. "I can hardly wait to see his pictures—he's so handsome, so romantic. I thought he was superb in 'Cimarron.' It would thrill me to work with him. Ronald Colman has great appeal, too, but I don't think we would work well together, much as I admire him. Our temperaments might clash. Just the same, I'm crazy about him on the screen. So are many of my girl-friends."

Jean Harlow is another Colman fan. "There's something grandly romantic about him," says the girl who started the platinum-blonde epidemic. "He has that restrained way that's rare among men, particularly those who capitalize on their appeal to our sex." Jean wants you to know that she is speaking purely from a fan angle. "Nothing personal," she smiles.

Robert Montgomery's sex-appeal is his Prince-of-Wales nonchalance and tender love-making.

Phil the Most Dangerous Blond

PHILLIPS Holmes runs away with fair-haired honors. This boy has a cameo-like profile and that certain haggard fascination that makes a blond deadly. Helen Twelve-

trees has said, "I believe blonds arouse the maternal instinct." And when you start stirring up a woman's m. i.—well, you can look for danger ahead!

Holmes is a rare type—a throw-back. He resembles to a marked degree the famous statue of *Apollo Belvedere*. Just as *Apollo* was the ancient Grecian ideal of youthful strength and beauty, so Phil has been timidly referred to by many of his feminine admirers as a beautiful man. I say timidly, because it's not just the thing in this age to call a man beautiful. It's apt to cast a slur of femininity on the man admired. Phil's life has been shadowed by that sort of thing.

"It's too bad," laments Elissa Landi, "that we can't say a man's beautiful without reflecting on his character." Elissa is a great admirer of fair men. "When I find my ideal in a screen lover, he will be a 'blond Siegfried,'" she boldly asserts.

Blond Joel McCrea is admired to an extravagant degree by several of the world's most attractive and highest-paid stars. Constance Bennett and Dorothy Mackaill laud his charms to the skies. Gloria Swanson deigns to glance his way. Hedda Hopper comes right out in the open and declares him to be an *Adonis*. And Hedda tells why:

"He has the most perfect
(Continued on page 77)



Phillips Holmes is the most dangerous blond. Built along the general lines of a young Greek god, he looks like a lover with Ideals

BY HARRY D. WILSON

CAN CLARA BOW

Yes--if Clara is the one to decide. This is the opinion of an impartial character-reader who puts the question squarely up to the former Paramount star. The tremendously vital features of Clara reveal the secret of all her troubles

CAN Clara Bow come back? Only recently a powerful executive in the Paramount organization expressed his opinion that the tempestuous redhead had little chance of ever making another big picture. He further intimated that her waning health during the past two years had been a large contributing factor to her recent troubles.

Physiognomy disagrees. We believe that one can alter all external conditions, but never the inherent characteristics stamped indelibly upon the face. They remain as basic as the individual's love of his religion, his family and his country. In the case of Clara Bow they are impulse and vitality.

Her face presents a mass of contradictory feelings. She is jealous and tender-hearted, affectionate and impatient—and extremely human. Every contour of her face reveals an ardent love of life and people. She is surrounded with love as with an aura—the very quality that prompted Elinor Glyn to pick her as the “It” girl.

Born to Trouble

SO far as difficulties are concerned, I believe Clara Bow has always had them, although probably few have been so deep as her recent ones. This is because of another organic formation. Her eyes, you will notice, are just a trifle too far apart. A person possessing this peculiarity is much too ready to trust in the better part of human nature. He just can't believe a likable person could do wrong. It is unfortunately more than normal faith. It is so all-encompassing that he is

apt to think more of others than those others do themselves. This trait was strikingly revealed in the Daisy De Boe trial. Clara had thought her secretary her best friend, had trusted her implicitly.

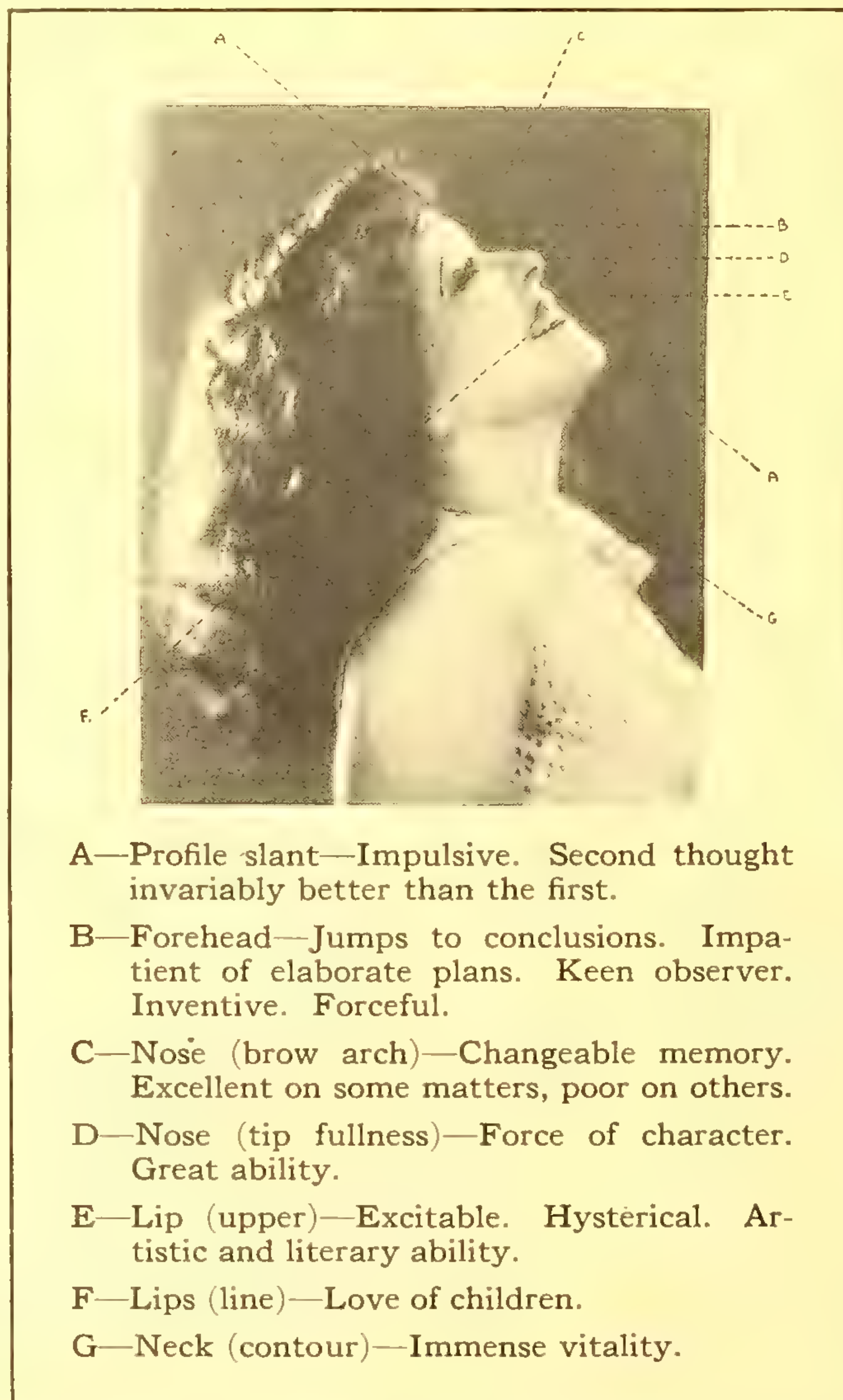
To augment the pity of it, Clara Bow's chin is of the variety generally classed as “broad-round.” It gives a spasmodic determination. She struggles only under opposition. She is also apt to be turned away from her own natural inclinations by persuasion. Another evidence of her trust in others' goodness.

She is generous to a fault. Trusting to foolhardiness. Over-ardent. It is a fatal combination—dynamite! Her life is a constant whirlwind of contradictory moods. Sometimes excitable, even hysterical, adoring, jealous, dreamy, faithful, vacillating, genial, sullen, witty, courageous, independent, perverse, generous, affectionate, impulsive, and forceful. Is it small wonder that she crossed the Hollywood horizon in a flaming trail?

Clara Bow is flame personified. Even though she never comes back, she will not readily be forgotten. Hers will be the same memory as Barbara LaMarr and Mabel Normand—geniuses both, in misdirected channels. Strangely, her case is parallel to these two women. She has the misfortune of drawing disaster to her. Her forehead-curve predicts this point.

Why She's Popular

UNCONSCIOUSLY, the public loves Clara Bow for the very qualities that tend to bring her grief—an utter lack of caution and gay recklessness. These are the secret



- A—Profile slant—Impulsive. Second thought invariably better than the first.
- B—Forehead—Jumps to conclusions. Impatient of elaborate plans. Keen observer. Inventive. Forceful.
- C—Nose (brow arch)—Changeable memory. Excellent on some matters, poor on others.
- D—Nose (tip fullness)—Force of character. Great ability.
- E—Lip (upper)—Excitable. Hysterical. Artistic and literary ability.
- F—Lips (line)—Love of children.
- G—Neck (contour)—Immense vitality.

AFTER READING TONI GALLANT'S ANALYSIS OF CLARA'S CHANCES

EVER COME BACK?

BY TONI GALLANT

of her fascination, topped by wild, extravagant love of life.

But—how can she come back?

Easily. By the same factors that have caused her troubles—only directed into useful channels.

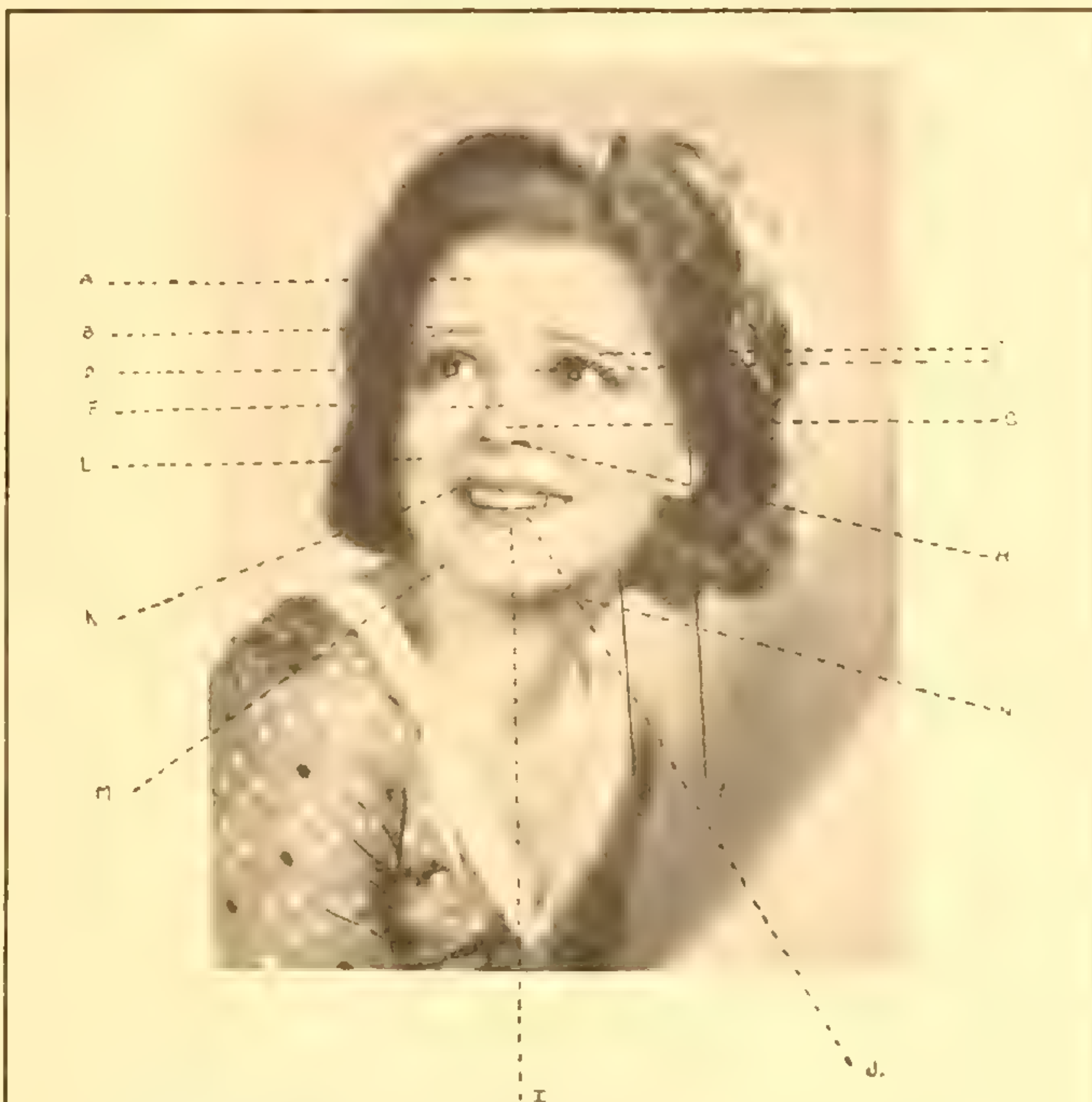
It is impossible to stem the flow of her natural vigor. The redhead, no matter who he may be, lives in danger of nervous collapse. Clara Bow has shown this twice publicly. But I should be willing to venture that it has been a chronic state in her private life. Tempestuous storms and heady climaxes. She senses her rights and runs amuck to preserve them. It is the natural heritage of all redheads—hair-trigger nerves.

The period of her recuperation depends on the depth of the wound. From a physiognomic standpoint, I should judge that it will take much time. Being sensitive, she probably feels that all of her friends and her public have deserted her. It is a grievous trial for one who loves people as she does.

Deserves a Break

CLARA BOW deserves a *beau geste*—as noble as the one she displayed towards Daisy De Boe, when from a sick-bed she arose to plead mercy for the girl convicted of betrayal of trust. That gesture was not staged. Any character-analyst, studying the set of Clara Bow's eyes, would vouch for that. It was instinctive kindness.

She can come back—if the possibility depends upon Clara. She is built for resistance—a goodly width between the ears bears testimony to that. She cannot stay down, if she is allowed the chance to progress. She



- Facial Contour—Round—Impulse.
- Color of Hair—Red—Love of strength and beauty. Dislike of conventions.
- Skin texture—Medium—enormous endurance. Moody and jealous. Enjoys being different.
- A—Forehead front—Personal magnetism. A person usually beloved by others because of lack of caution and recklessness.
- B—Eyebrows—Dreamer.
- C—Eyes—Well set. Talkative and silent by turns. Good story-teller. Could write wittily.
- D—Contour of Eye—Round. Great faith in human nature.
- E—Width of Eye—More than an eye-width apart. Too readily believes in the better part of human nature.
- F—Nose—Lively, genial, optimistic.
- G—Nose tip—False sense of economy. Spendthrift in some directions and economical in others.
- H—Nostrils—Courage, wit and independence.
- I—Mouth—Extremely generous.
- J—Mouth (fullness)—Intense ardor. Ardent attachments.
- K—Lips (corners)—Wit.
- L—Cheeks—Ability to come through, no matter what the difficulty.
- M—Chin—Affectionate.
- N—Chin (shape)—Determination spotty. Indolent until anger is aroused.
- O—Jaw—(Smaller from jaw-turn to turn than from ear-tip to tip.) Can be swayed from own natural inclinations.
- P—Ear to nose length—Not interested in abstract reasoning. Never thinks for the love of thinking.

can fight terrific odds and come through. Any redhead can. They are born fighters against big odds—and fight to win.

The fact that Clara has temporarily gone blonde does not alter anything but her appearance. She is still the same. And sooner or later that love of strength and beauty—revealed by the original titian color of her hair—will find an outlet. Perhaps in romance. Perhaps on the screen. There is little doubt that if she should have a beautiful story, strongly constructed, she could do wonders with it.

Her eyes—her best feature, by the way—show that she can do something with them besides wink. They are eyes that do not miss a trick—and they are sensitive eyes. They are the eyes of one who knows a good story when she sees one and, moreover, is a good story-teller, herself. Clara must have some idea of the sort of drama she would like to do. When she comes back—if she decides to do so—let us hope she will insist upon doing just that drama.

She is both quick-witted and witty. That is revealed by no less than three of her features—her eyes, her nose, and those uptilting corners of her mouth. It is lucky for Clara that she is. Both characteristics are excellent shields against the barbs of sharp headlines. The color of her hair, her nostrils and her forehead all denote that she is independent. Independent, perhaps, to the point of recklessness—but independent. Combine that trait with impulsiveness and generosity—and you have a world-beater. And that's what Clara still might be. Isn't it true, Clara?

TURN OVER THE PAGE AND READ WHAT REX BELL HAS TO SAY

Clara *Will* Come Back — A Bigger Star Than Ever

So says Rex Bell, her fiancé, who believes she'll become one of the greatest actresses of her day when given the chance to make a *really big picture*

BY AUDREY RIVERS

USUALLY when a studio lets a star go—with the proper pretty phrases of esteem and affection—Hollywood shakes its head and mutters, "She's through!" But nobody thinks Clara Bow is through. From the moment when the newspapers carried headlines of her recent breakdown, telegrams and letters with offers of theatrical engagements and movie contracts have been coming in. Rex Bell was staggering under a pile of them the other day.

"Can you imagine?" he said ruefully, "They want her in Earl Carroll's 'Vanities' now! As soon as I turn my back, an agent from New York lands on the ranch in an airplane with a contract in his pocket! Clara was willing to sign, but she wouldn't without me. I can't see it—it would be keeping alive that 'It Girl' stuff I hate. Still they offer a whole lot of money. Say! If you added together all the money that's been offered Clara in stage and screen contracts since she's been out at Paramount it would amount to millions! One offer for vaudeville alone was twenty thousand a week!"

Clara Bow's name still spells money. She has made fortunes in the last few years—for somebody. And came out of it with a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in a trust fund for herself—a pathetically small part of the huge sum her flaming hair and electric personality have earned. If Rex Bell had not insisted on salvaging this sum, she might have left Hollywood as poor as when she came to it.



Keystone

Rex Bell and Clara Bow are very happy at the former's Nevada ranch, where the famous star is recuperating from a nervous breakdown. Clara dyed her hair blonde to keep from being recognized when she left Hollywood

Hollywood Has Been Unfriendly

SEVEN years older, perhaps a little wiser, certainly sadder, Clara Bow has left Hollywood with infinite relief—for Hollywood has not been friendly to her. There have been many tales written about Clara, but this has never been written. From the moment she stepped foot in the movie town—a vibrant, beautiful child of seventeen—*she was socially taboo*. The famous, and fading woman stars of that day took one look at her and knew that she meant Danger. They hated her for her Undeniable Youth. They turned their backs and drew their skirts away. Even after she became famous the lists of invited guests to filmdom's most exclusive parties did not carry her name. The doors of most picture peoples' houses were closed to her. She was an outcast—not because of gossip or scandal—but *because she was too beautiful*.

Naturally as friendly as a puppy, Clara shed tears—at first. Later she tossed her crimson head and pretended that she didn't want to go to parties, that she preferred to stay at home in the cramped little bungalow that made such an odd setting for the most exotic, sensuous-looking star in Hollywood, shaking dice with her chauffeur, or listening to the radio with her maids.

But at the beginning she did care—terribly. Once at a restaurant where Clara was having dinner with some acquaintances, the waiter ignored a remark she made. "There!" cried Clara, tears starting to her eyes, "you see! Even the waiters look down on me!"

At the very height of the fame that was to come to her in later years she was visiting her father at dinner one day, and, suddenly, for no apparent reason she pushed back her plate and burst into tears. "What's the matter?" asked Robert Bow. "Haven't you got everything to make a girl happy? Haven't you got fame and fortune?"

"To hell with fame and fortune!" cried Clara Bow. "I wish I was back in Brooklyn with the gang!"

When Clara, crimson tresses bleached platinum blonde to disguise her and obviously shaken by her nervous breakdown, left Hollywood, she cried out that she was glad to be free at last.

Surely Coming Back

BUT Clara will come back. "She has never made her big picture yet," says Rex Bell. It is amazing that in spite of so many commonplace pic-

(Continued on page 73)



Crawford--Shearer--Garbo
Are Now

THREE OF A KIND

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

STRANGE situations are always popping up on motion picture lots, what with rivalries and temperaments and the fluctuating popularity of various players. But Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is facing one of the oddest dilemmas we have seen in a long time—with Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer all beginning to fit into the same groove.

Three years ago, things weren't like this. Garbo was, as she is now, the Great Garbo. She did the big sex pictures. Norma, who was fluffy (then), did the nice, wholesome stories with the happy endings. Joan was the hey-hey girl, doing mad, modern dances in her teddies. All three as different as different could be.

With talking pictures, Garbo became an important emotional actress. Shearer blossomed suddenly into one of our finest and most sophisticated dramatic players. And Joan—well, Joan went on being hey-hey, for the time being.

Then, last summer Norma retired from pictures for a time in order to present Irving Thalberg with a son. And while she was gone, Joan made "Paid," which had been bought for Norma. That was the beginning of all this.

We thought, when we saw that picture, that now Joan had done it: she, too, had proved herself an emotional actress and had realized the ambition of years. Joan, we told ourselves, was no longer "one of the promising young actresses." She had arrived. She was established.

Goodbye to Whoopee?

NOT that "Paid" was the best opportunity in the world for her to show what she could do. It was old-fashioned melodrama, made over and modernized. But it served. It had

shown us a mature and dramatic Joan.

What now? Critics had hailed a "new dramatic actress." The public had flocked to see the erstwhile "dancing daughter" in a real drama. We waited impatiently for M-G-M to cash in on this newly-developed talent.

"Strangers May Kiss," we understood, had been bought for her. We sat back and waited—well, not exactly breathlessly, but maybe puffing just a *little* bit—to see what she would do with that. But something happened. Suddenly Norma, all recovered after having her baby, was making that picture and it was scheduled for a big, special opening. And Joan was working in "Dance, Fools, Dance"—another hey-hey opus, embellished with ladies in lingerie, back of its melodrama. Just another Crawford picture of the type Joan has been doing for years. What in the world?

Then she made "Laughing Sinners." That was an emotional opportunity—but when it was previewed, the audience objected to it because they thought it sacrilegious. They also said it was hard to believe. So back it went to the studio to have some scenes remade. And then Joan went discontentedly to work in a chatty, sexy little thing called "This Modern Age."

Well, we said, tapping our foot impatiently, what about this, anyhow? Is Joan a dramatic actress—playing serious rôles—or is she still flaming youth, romping about in its underwear? Were all our huzzas over "Paid" wasted? Does anybody *listen* to our huzzas? We should go getting our throat all sore for nothing!

We dropped in to see Joan on the set. "Let's get this thing
(Continued on page 66)

Back in the days of silent pictures, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo were given different types of rôles, but with the talkies these stars, so unlike one another, now fit in the same emotional groove. What will be the outcome? Are there enough good stories to go around—and will Joan threaten the security of her rivals? This "inside" story reveals the problem confronting these talented and popular actresses who work side by side in the same studio.—Editor.

Dolores Del Rio Isn't Beaten Yet

BY GLADYS HALL

DOLORES DEL RIO *has a second chance at life in every one of its aspects.* A second chance at love, a second chance at marriage, a second chance at stardom—even a second chance as a personality.

In the past year and a half, Dolores has known the imminence of death. She has lost a contract and won another. She has married again. She has done more than these things—she has remade herself. She is a new personality. She is more mature in her point of view. She is kinder, more tolerant. *She is happy.*

When last I talked with Dolores, she was a passionate devotee of Freedom. Recently a widow, after unhappiness and misunderstanding and unkind criticism, she violently renounced all ties and bonds and fetters. She would be free. She intended to be free. She would not fall in love again, not for years and years. No marriage for her. She had never in her life been really free to come and go, to speak, to think as she pleased.

Then she met Cedric Gibbons and that was the finish of the battle-cry of freedom.

This is the story of the romance of Dolores and of Cedric, never told before:

How They Met—At Last

SHE had been in Hollywood some three or four years and had never met Cedric Gibbons. She had even worked on the Metro lot (where Cedric is Art Director *de luxe*), making "The Trail of '98," and they had not met. Not through any fault of Cedric Gibbons. For Cedric had been in love with the lovely Dolores since she first appeared on the screen. He used to go every day to the set to watch her work.

He told Clarence Brown, directing, that he wanted to meet her, that she was the most beautiful thing in Hollywood. Clarence laughed him off. He told Cedric that she wasn't his type, but was cold and lifeless. He didn't know *what* was the matter with her. (The matter was that she was unhappy about Jaime, distressed, confused.) But there was matter enough, he said, to render an introduction futile. She would just barely acknowledge the introduction and walk away, he said.

Cedric Gibbons was unconvinced. "Not with those black eyes," he declared. But he couldn't manage the meeting. Fate was playing a whimsical game. Every time he mustered up courage to go and speak to her, she was called on the set. Something absurd always intervened.

Cedric told her afterwards that he had spent three years going to parties, solely in the hope that she would be there. She never was. Then he would decline an invitation and



Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, waited three introductions before they were married. The Santa Monica home, one of the wedding presents, was furnished by the happy husband, himself. Every piece of furniture silver—and the couch, grass-green satin. At the right is a

learn that she had been among those present. At last, long after her divorce and the death of Jaime, they faced one another across Marion Davies' dinner table. Cedric turned to the woman next to him and begged her to introduce him. He said, "I have been trying for three years—" And the woman, a friend of Dolores, said, "Why, that is absurd! Of course, I will!" She did.

Swept Off Her Feet

TEN minutes after the formality of the introduction, Cedric was making violent love to the cream-colored Spanish girl. And she loved it . . . She told me, "All women love a man like that—let them pose and be as superior as they will! I loved it. I knew, mysteriously but surely, that I loved him."

Six weeks to a day after that first meeting, they were married in Santa Barbara, and for six days Dolores grasped with both arms at such happiness as she had never known. At the end of the sixth day she was stricken by the illness



years to meet Dolores Del Rio. Six weeks after their ding presents from Cedric to Dolores, was designed is built into the house. The floor is black, the walls brand-new close-up of the now-happy Dolores

that proved almost fatal and lasted months.

Oddly, she told me, both came to the marriage disbelieving in the state. Dolores had had an unhappy experience. Cedric ditto. They had decided that romance could not flourish in the marriage bond, that freedom was too winged and beautiful a thing to be clipped by binding promises. They had decided to remain individuals, unhampered. The power of love may laugh at bolts and bars. It also laughs at freedom.

And when love came to them as it did, they talked it all over, talked it out. They felt themselves to be civilized beings with a broad and comprehensive tolerance. They would try it once again and if a break should come, they knew that they could discuss even the break understandingly.

It has been said that second marriage is a mirage. That after the honeymoon rapture wanes, the second marriage approximates the first so closely that all the victim has

Just as she found greater happiness in her second marriage, the Mexican beauty may find greater fame in her screen comeback. She looks too happy to fail

done is to exchange one misfit shoe for another.

Second Trial Happier Than First

DOLORES vigorously denies the truth of this: "There is no similarity between my first and second marriage, except this—both times I married a gentleman. That is the only likeness. Jaime was jealous of my shadow on the wall, he was jealous of the clothes I wore, the chairs I sat in; he was jealous of my friends, my directors, my leading men, my girl-friends, my pets. He was frantic with jealousy. He couldn't stand my success, though it was he who brought me here, thought it would be fun. It wasn't fun

for him. And so—it wasn't fun for me. He didn't like the people I liked, he didn't like the things I liked to do. He didn't want to go anywhere, he didn't want to entertain. Our sympathies were divorced long before *we* were.

"Cedric is absolutely different. You wouldn't believe that two men could be so different. He has no jealousy—because he has confidence. He *likes* people to admire me, men as well as women. He is proud of me and he likes to take me out, to entertain, to display me. He loves my work. He is more ambitious for me than I am for myself, if that is possible. We laugh together, we have fun together, we discuss everything under the sun and moon together.

"Our one and only thought right now is for me to *come back on the screen*. To be where I was, to be *more* than I was. If I can't

do it, if the talkies defeat me, I shall try the stage. I may be able to do a great play there. But first and foremost and before everything, I am trying to come back. The first story planned is 'Bird of Paradise.' After that, 'The Dove.' And I am giving everything I have in me, *everything* . . ."

Why Dolores Has Changed

DOLORES has been face to face with Death. For three months she never stepped from her sick bed. She found that pain is not so dreadful as you imagine it is going to be. She lost her fear of pain. She found that the face of Death softens and becomes kindly as it bends

(Continued on page 73)

C. S. Bull

Anonymously Yours

By CHOLLY HOLLYWOOD



THE pretty blonde dancer brought from Broadway to star in singing and dancing productions has startled even Hollywood with her parties. The studio couldn't find a suitable story for her, so she took a cabin at a resort up in the Arrowhead Mountains. Party after party took place. The studio sent up script after script to her by special messenger, hoping she would approve one. She didn't even glance them through—champagne glass in hand, she simply scrawled "n.g." on the outside and sent them back.

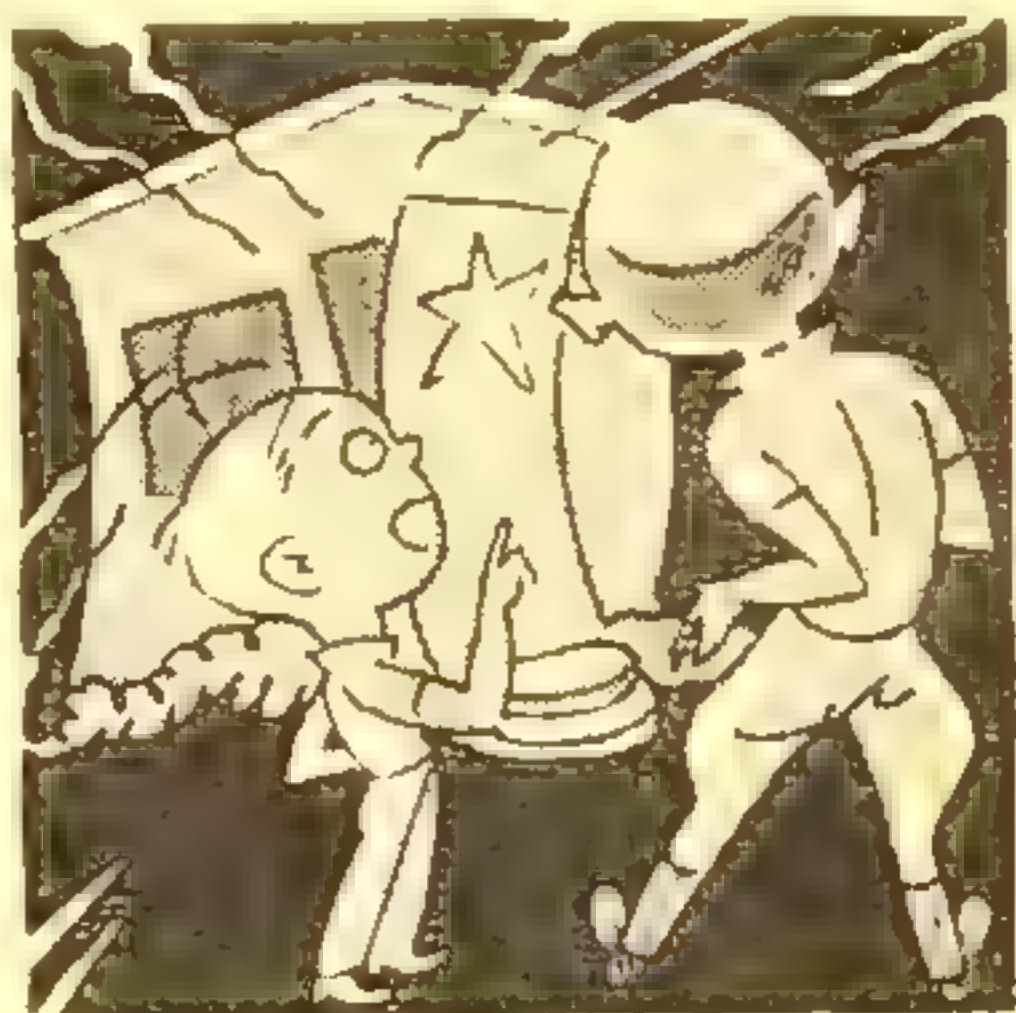
* * *

A STAR of the old days, back when they had alliterative names like Lucy Lush and Dan Dangerfield, divorced her husband some years ago. He had managed her money for her, and when she came to settle up, she found he owed her several thousand that he couldn't pay. She let it go—glad to be rid of him. Then he married another star of more recent fame, a heroine of gangster pictures. His former wife found another mate. The other night she was on a party, and the crowd decided it would be fun to "frame" her ex-husband. She 'phoned him and said she needed money desperately. Could he give her some of what he owed her? Trembling—for she threatened to drop a few words in the ear of his new wife unless he came through with a few hundred—he assented.

When she met him, he handed over a roll of bills—five hundred dollars. He felt sorry for her, thinking that she must be in need, until he heard some of her merry friends hooting from their nearby hiding place. The next day she and her friends spent the money on perfumes and other liquids. Not a pretty story, but it shows one brand of Hollywood humor

* * *

THE prop-boy rushed onto the set. "You'd better go rescue your star," he called to the director. "He's getting all mussed up." It seemed that the star's wife had found another woman in his dressing-room and objected, physically as well as vocally. A few minutes later the star walked out to the lot, debonair as ever. He had failed to notice that most of the make-up had been scratched off his face. Hollywood angle to the story: the complaining wife, herself a star and one of the best-dressed women in the film colony, has little right to criticize her spouse for occasional flirting.



* * *

THE party was on, down in Santa Monica canyon, where the actors and actresses forget their public and feel free to do as they choose. But for some reason, this party was a little dull. Nobody was drunk, nobody was very funny. Then a few visitors appeared, stayed a while,

and went away. The original crowd didn't like them, and when they threatened to return, they turned out all the lights in the house. "When they come back, they'll think we've gone." The house remained dark for an hour, with the party in full progress.

Then the danger of the unwanted guests' returning was considered over, and they turned on the lights again. Up spoke a star who is known for her mysteriousness and unsociability. The most alluring woman, according to many, on the screen. "The lights hurt my eyes," she said. "Couldn't we have them off again?" Nobody objected, so they turned off the lights and the party continued. One of the most successful parties, people tell me, Hollywood has seen—or not seen.

* * *

SYMPATHY among the gossip columnists seems to be pretty much against the stage director from New York—noted for his lavish and beautiful productions—who was given a year's contract and hasn't made a single picture. The salary was thirty-five hundred dollars a week, and Hollywood snickers that the studio is burned at having to pay such a fee for nothing. There is another story, probably quite as true. Several other studios have been bidding for the director, offering even more money. He refused them. If he sits around much longer without making a picture, his reputation suffers—and that's worth more to him than Hollywood's gold.



* * *

TOWN TYPE: the girl, formerly a well-known vamp in pictures, whose bank roll is well-padded, even though her salary was never very large. She received presents, took them down to a store in Los Angeles, and turned them in for cash. The idea, my informant adds, came from the plot of one of her early thrillers.

* * *

IT ISN'T often that Hollywood reporters get downright mad about marriages among the stars, but they did this time.

The groom-to-be, famous for his ultra-suave rôles on the screen, has been famous off the screen for the way he has shied away from women. Of late, however, he has thawed and has been giving out interviews about his eagerness to try marriage a second time. Since he was seen everywhere with a blond who had been his leading lady and, thanks to him, is practically a star herself now, it was assumed that she was the bride-to-be.

Reporters covering the marriage license bureau spotted the couple filing their intention to wed, and clustered around. The pair denied their identity and refused to pose for news photographs. From that time until they hopped a boat for Hawaii, no reporter was able to find them.

(Continued on page 68)



Otto Dyar

RICHARD ARLEN

Jus' cogitatin', that's all. And well Dick might. Can you figure out how a Hollywood star could remain a star without ever playing a sophisticated role? The secret is that fans like those All-American Arlen features—clean-cut, youthful, strong. If anyone can put across another football picture—and one called "Touchdown"—Dick's the man to do it



The Beautiful



This business of the screen beauties acquiring a tan has become more important than options and contracts. Before she gets through, Anita Page expects to have the same color as your mahogany table. But she's going native-brown in easy stages. Before she turns her well-exposed back on Old Sol, she applies a sunburn remedy (above). And to start with, she develops a sunny disposition behind the glass front of her new beach house (at the top and at the right)

Portraits by Wm. Grimes



And Tanned



Anita Page is keeping sun-kissable this summer. She has a picket fence that keeps out all intruders but the big red orb in the sky. She doesn't even have to go outdoors (see top) to get brown. But she does. Drying in the sun (as at left) speeds up that beach-girl complexion—and sitting bareheaded in the sun (as above) makes blonde hair blonder



Hurrell

She looks as Joan Crawford did before Joan went dramatic and developed tragic eyes. Like Joan also, she made a non-stop hop to Hollywood from Broadway musical comedy. But don't get the impression that Lillian isn't individual. After only three pictures, she is being hailed as the screen's most promising ingénue

LILLIAN BOND

A SUB-DEB SUBDUES A SUB-TROPICAL SUN



What is it that the doctor orders when the mercury soars from here to there? Doesn't he always tell you to dress lightly and not to think about the heat? Well, if you obeyed him as willingly as Joan Marsh, you'd look just as happy, too. Here is one girl who keeps pace with every whim of the weather—being perfectly dressed for all climatic conditions on the Coast

Health hints are made to order in the Sun-kissed State. With its fair and open weather (no adv.) native daughters like Joan Marsh grow up to excel in athletic sports. Joan, by the way, excels in swimming, tennis and horse-back-riding. And doing very well with her acting, too. Did you see her in "The Great Lover"?



C. S. Bull

If you're looking for the source of Hollywood's present blonde epidemic, here she is. Back in the days when producers thought blondes didn't screen so well, Marion stayed fair. Time proved Marion right, and the producers wrong. Now they all want blondes. But they'll have to search far before they find another who can smile (and act) like Marion

MARION DAVIES

♦ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ♦



Acme



William Powell renounces bachelorhood and marries Carole Lombard. The above photo shows honeymooners sailing for Hawaii. See story page 37

The Vagabond Lover isn't vagabonding any more. Rudy Vallee marries Fay Webb, movie actress (left). He states he's in love for first time

Talk about quick divorces! How about quick remarriages? Nancy Carroll was no sooner parted from Jack Kirkland than she wed Bolton Mallory (right)



Acme



Schafer

Here's one movie hero who's a hero in real life—Bill Boyd, with his wife (Dorothy Sebastian) right beside him on the veranda of their floating summer home. Bill recently saved H. E. Huston, Los Angeles sportsman, from a burning yacht



Key-stone

It's official this time! Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller, young Hawaiian planter, are laughingly—not jokingly—telling the world they're engaged



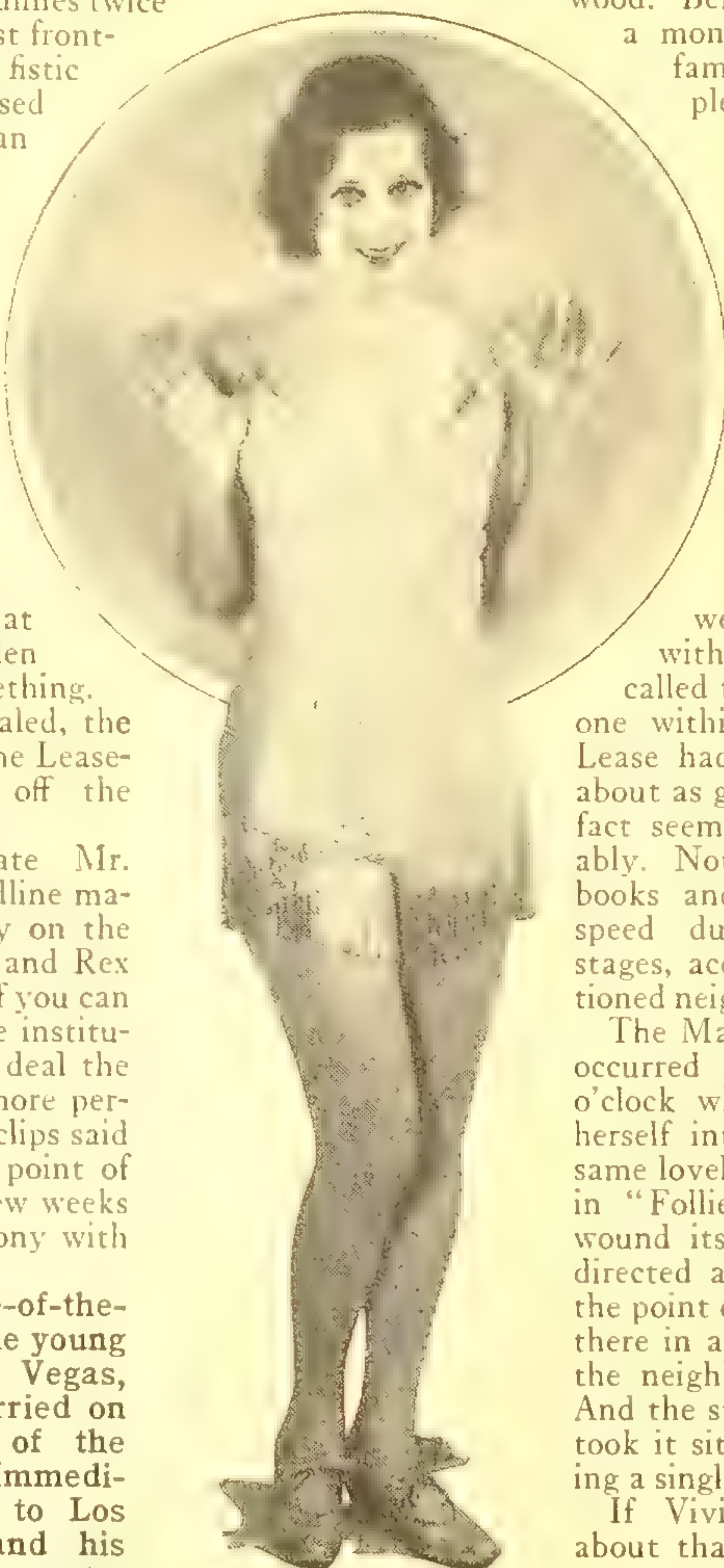
Rex Lease, cowboy actor, hit the headlines last year over a quarrel with Vivian Duncan. Now his marital mix-up is news

REX LEASE and Jack Dempsey have a lot in common. It's true that Rex is an actor and Jack is a fighter—but they get the same kind of "knockout" publicity.

Rex has made the headlines twice in the last year. The first front-page story concerned a fistic encounter he was supposed to have had with Vivian Duncan—a little tiff from which *Little Eva* emerged with a black eye and a legal suit against Rex for "playing too rough." Vivian's story was that Rex "hauled off and socked" her for no reason at all while they were both guests at a mutual friend's beach home. Rex denied all. It was his idea that Vivian must have fallen down the stairs, or something. In due time the eye healed, the suit was dropped, and the Lease-Duncan bout moved off the street-corner bulletins.

Now the unfortunate Mr. Lease is once again headline material, with Matrimony on the socking end of the deal and Rex taking the count. And if you can believe all you hear, the institution of marriage didn't deal the only blow. There are more personal and specific—er—clips said to have landed on the point of Rex's chin during the few weeks of his round of matrimony with Eleanor Hunt.

Rex's second battle-of-the-century began when the young couple eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married on the sunny morning of the eighth day of April. Immediately upon returning to Los Angeles both Rex and his bride, who is the same pretty girl you saw opposite Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee," gave out poetic statements as to



Eleanor Hunt, ex-Follies girl, got her film start in short comedies

their ideal happiness and generally thrilled condition. It looked like a nice ending to a lot of bad publicity for Rex.

Nine days later all the people who had wished them well were amazed to read that the Rex Leases were reported separated. There's a three-day notice of intention-to-wed law required in the State of California. But someone had forgotten to check up on a nine-day matrimonial venture, following the ceremony.

When pressed for details, Rex admitted: "Well, we did have a little tiff—but it's all straightened out now. We're back together again, and everything's all right now."

Maybe everything was all right for Rex and Eleanor—but it wasn't with the neighbors. The Leases lived in a bungalow-court on Beechwood Avenue in North Hollywood. Before they had lived there a month, it is said that two families moved out completely and the rest were complaining bitterly of feuds that kept them awake all night.

Only a few of the more courageous souls ventured to stick out a head, or to add a word to the mêlée of the newlyweds. According to an eye-and-ear-witness, Mrs. Lease began complaining early of the fact that things weren't on the up-and-up with the Leases. It was called to the attention of everyone within the court that Mrs. Lease had a movie job that was about as good as Mr. Lease's. The fact seemed to fret her considerably. Not only words, but dishes, books and furniture flew at top speed during these preliminary stages, according to the aforementioned neighbors.

The Main Event is said to have occurred one morning at four o'clock when Mrs. Lease worked herself into such a fret that the same lovely arm that used to wave in "Follies" ensembles suddenly wound itself into a flying punch, directed a pretty, but firm fist at the point of Rex's chin, and landed there in as true an aim as you, or the neighbors, would care to see. And the story goes that Mr. Lease took it sitting down without trading a single pass in return!

If Vivian Duncan was right about that punch in the eye, she may now have the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Rex Lease, herself, packs a very nifty wallop.

But there is something about the

whole deal that makes you pause and wonder: an actor who refuses to pass punches with a lady who is legally his wife and sparring partner can hardly be suspected of fistic encounters with a comparative stranger. Does it seem logical or doesn't it?



Eleanor Hunt as the bride in "Whoopee"—and as she may have looked when she became Mrs. Rex Lease

Rex is now reported to be living across the street from his first wife, Charlotte Merriam. If true, it looks like a case of love at second sight.

When Rex and Eleanor were reported separated the first time—that is, after the initial nine days—they managed to get together in time to tell the newswriters that it was all "just a practical joke on friends." It looked a little like a joke on the public, too—at least to the reporters.

This time neither intimated that a penchant for fun had split them apart. They had been dynamited apart this time. It won't be long now, say friends of both, before they're in the papers again, with the date-line most likely reading, "Reno, Nevada." Or "Nogales, Mexico"—which was where Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland were divorced in short order.

Rex, say actor-friends, has made the usual declarations of independence and swears that he is "off women for life." These friends also claim that Rex doesn't blame the women so much as himself, for ever getting involved with them.

Certainly the young cowboy star—a very likable chap—would be going ahead much faster if he hadn't hit the headlines twice in the past year, both times because of women. Not that either difficulty has been sensational, but neither has made Rex a hero. And stars must remain heroes—even in their off-screen encounters.

WILLIAM POWELL WEDS CAROLE LOMBARD

FAMOUS MAN OF THE WORLD TIRES
OF BACHELOR'S FREEDOM - - BILL AND
BRIDE PLAN QUIET LIFE

BY JOAN STANDISH



William Powell has been converted to "the calm and unexciting life" of a husband. Wonder what he'll do with the top-hat?

"SO Bill Powell's married . . .!" It is with a mixed feeling of best wishes and still a bit of it's-hard-to-believe that Hollywood is making the above observation on that ex-bachelor of bachelors, William Powell.

In spite of his former marriage, Bill has always been more than a bachelor to the home-town natives; he has been a stag—a Lone Wolf. Not that Bill hasn't liked the ladies at various times and in various moods, but they



International

Mr. and Mrs. at last, William Powell and Carole Lombard escape from reporters and sail for Hawaii for their honeymoon

have been little more than passing fancies, mere ripples on the surface of his self-sufficiency. A dainty glove, carelessly left in Bill's bachelor apartment, only added spice to his bachelorhood, like the bookshelves of erotic literature and the French prints of charmingly unrepressed ladies in the hide-away apartment where he was known as "Mr. Thorne."

Well, the pictures are all packed away now. So are the books. The key to the hide-away has been thrown away. Make no mistake about it, it is no hang-over from "Mr. Thorne" who married the beautiful Carole Lombard. Bill has packed his man-of-the-worldliness away for good.

I talked to him a couple of days before he and Carole were planning to be married.

Suave? He was about as suave as Charlie Ray. Billy Bakewell, getting married to Mary Brian, couldn't have been more naïve than polished Powell.

"Carole and I spent our lunch hour to-day figuring out where we wanted to live when we get back from our honeymoon in Hawaii. We thrashed out the benefits of a furnished *versus* an unfurnished apartment—and a furnished house *versus* an unfurnished one. Frankly, I have a leaning toward a house. I've lived in apartments a long time. Somehow, marriage always seems more 'settled' in a home of your own—or have I been reading too many of those 'You furnish the girl—We furnish the house' advertisements?

"Do I hate to give up my freedom? Good Lord, no! Freedom is one of the great disillusionments of the world. We think we want it above all things, and when we get it, what in the world can we do with it? What's the fun of going places and seeing things if there isn't someone important to share the thrill of traveling? What's the fun of accomplishing things if there isn't someone who means a lot to applaud and tell you what a remarkable fellow you are? I've had a great many years of the 'coveted freedom.' I've found that I can be the loneliest in the most crowded places when all I have to celebrate with is—freedom.

"I think I'm getting the most wonderful girl in the world. Freedom? I'd trade every bit of it just for a few hours with Carole. We've opened secret doors in one another's personalities. We've found that we are new people—to each other.

"Carole is supposed to be the sophisticated type. I'm supposed to be suave and polished—I'm supposed to drip with polish and slide with suavity. Well, it isn't true. We are both the shyest, most sensitive people you'll ever know. Carole's supposed sophistication is just a mask he has used to get over the hard bumps of life. Nobody knows where I got my reputation for 'suaveness.'

"The other night we braved the crowds to attend the opening of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in his stage play, 'The Man In Possession.' Carole and I were asked to speak over the radio. I started trembling with nervousness. Suddenly I felt Carole's hand in mine. She

was shaking, too. 'This is awful, darling,' she whispered in my ear. 'This is the last one of these we'll ever attend.'

"After our honeymoon, we're going to settle down in the old-fashioned idea of a calm and very unexciting life—as exciting lives are judged in Hollywood. We have a few close friends who mean much to us. We're going to play tennis, and quietly attend theaters—other than opening nights, and take drives to the beaches, and get our own meals on the cook's day out, and go places and do things—always together. I've found a pal, a sweetheart, a friend, a wife—let those who will keep their freedom!"

So Bill Powell's married . . .

And may we add—and how!

Hollywood sees romantic irony in the fact that the girl who changed Bill was the same girl who helped him look like the not-a-husband type in "Man of the World."

The movie colony also is amused at the way Bill and Carole went through the ceremony. Here probably, was the biggest chance for publicity either of them had ever had—and they dodged reporters!

When they appeared to take out the license, reporters spied them and garnered the facts that the groom was thirty-eight and the bride twenty-two. But not a single newshawk knew of the simple wedding at the home of the bride—until it was all over.

It took Carole Lombard to make Bill Powell realize he was lonely. She's "a pal, a sweetheart, a friend and a wife," says Bill



OUT OF THE DITCH AND INTO THE MOVIES

BIG JIM THORPE, GREATEST ATHLETE OF ALL TIME,
FOUND WORKING AS LABORER, GETS CHANCE AS MOVIE ACTOR

BOBBY JONES, Big Bill Tilden, Charlie Paddock, Red Grange and the late Knute Rockne all had their fling before the camera—and now the noblest Roman of them all, Big Jim Thorpe, Olympic champion and the greatest all-around athlete of modern times, has emerged from the limbo of forgotten heroes to don the greasepaint.

Once the idol of the world of sport, guest of emperors and kings, the great Indian was recently discovered working as a common laborer in Los Angeles at a wage of three dollars a day. Universal promptly offered him a contract and wrote a part for him in their serial, "Battling With Buffalo Bill." It was a big day for the Laemmles, as well as for Jim.

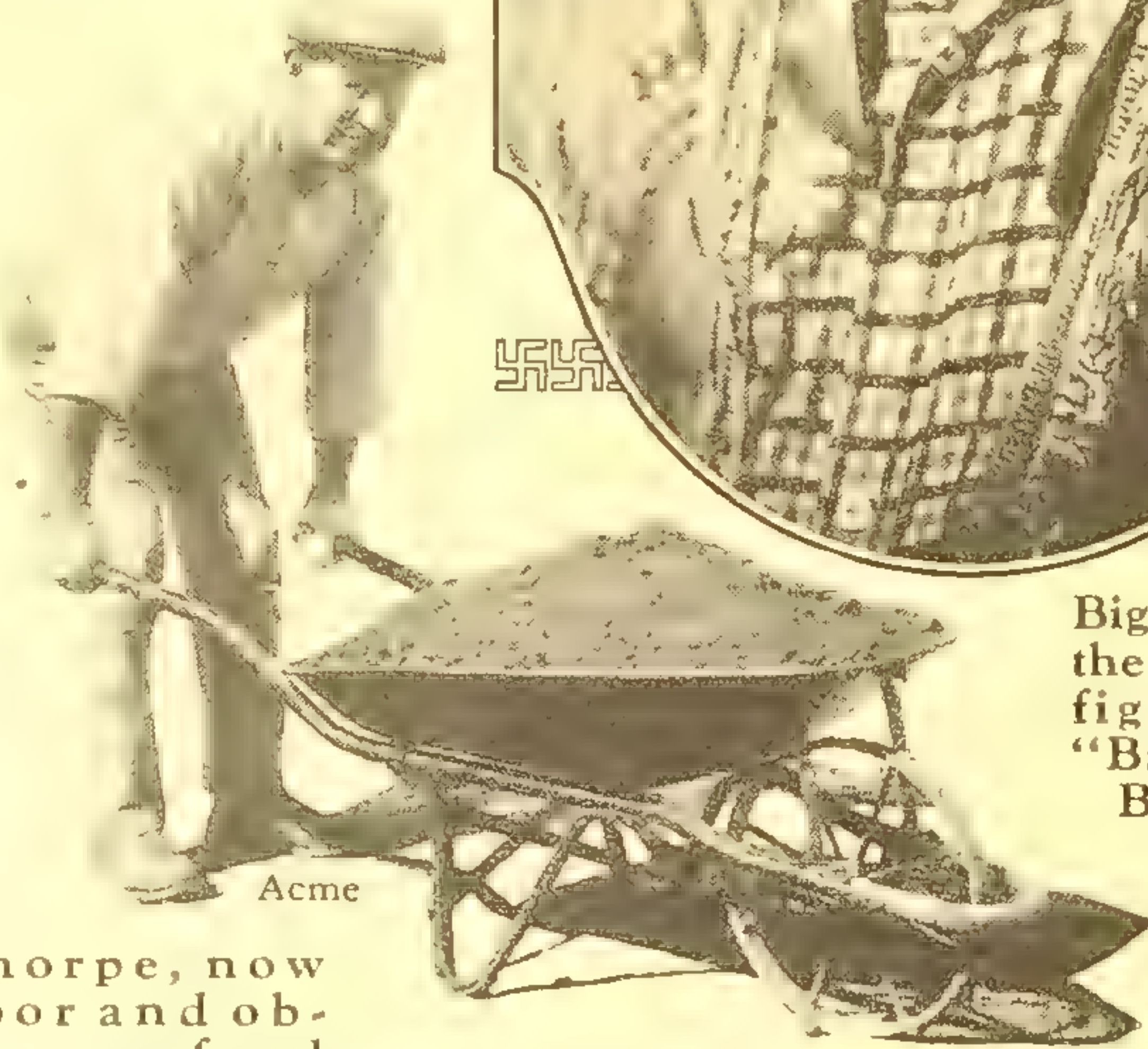
Throughout his astonishing career, during which he has run the gamut from fame and fortune to oblivion and poverty, Big Jim Thorpe has stood for clean sport. His record and his achievements once were the inspiration of thousands of young athletes who sought to emulate his accomplishments. On the talking screen, Jim Thorpe may once more find himself and again exert his influence on the youth of the nation.

Born in Oklahoma in the late 'Eighties, a member of the Sac and Fox tribes, Jim attended the Indian school at Haskell and then at Carlisle. It was there, under the direction of "Pop" Warner (now coach of Stanford), that his almost incredible prowess was developed. Although he was unquestionably the greatest football player the game ever produced, he set records with equal ease in running, jumping, skating, swimming, rowing, handball, tennis, hockey, lacrosse, shot-putting, hammer-throwing,



Acme

The late Knute Rockne used to tell a story on himself to show what a football player Big Jim was—the greatest of them all



Acme

Thorpe, now poor and obscure, was found working as a ditch-digger in Los Angeles

hurdles and in every form of gymnastic endeavor.

In 1912, representing the United States in the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden, he gave the greatest demonstration ever witnessed in Olympic competition. Out of ten thousand possible points, Thorpe individually won a total of 8,412—more than eight times the number won by all athletes of all the nations in competition! As winner of the pentathlon and decathlon he received many trophies, including special awards from the King of Sweden and the Czar of Russia.

The disclosure that he had once played baseball on an obscure semi-pro team swept away his triumph and he turned professional. As a

By
**J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN**



Big Jim puts on the warpaint and fights back in "Battling With Buffalo Bill"

member of the New York "Giants," he won further laurels in baseball. Later going in for professional football, he toured the country for years, meeting all comers. Gradually he sank into obscurity. The name of Jim Thorpe became a legend. His achievements lived, but the man was forgotten. Although there were no doubt hundreds of influential men who, remembering his former glory, would have given him aid, Big Jim scorned such tactics. With the same spirit with which he had so often bucked the line, he asked no favors.

Then an item in a national magazine caught the eye of John Le Roy Johnson, director of publicity at Universal. The fact that the famous athlete was employed in Los Angeles as a common laborer was brought to the attention of Junior Laemmle. Big Jim was brought to the studio, a part was written for him as *Chief Swift Arrow* in a forthcoming serial, and he was ready to make his second bid for fame and fortune.

Countless stories are told of the days when the Indian was making football history at Carlisle. Knute Rockne loved to recount the story of his own meeting with Thorpe on the gridiron. Rockne, end on the Notre Dame team, was instructed to stop Thorpe, at all costs. As the ball was snapped and the Indian tore through the line, Rockne tackled and although he stopped Big Jim, he was sorely shaken. Thorpe walked over to him and, placing his huge paw on Rockne's shoulder, said kindly,

"Next time, be good boy and let Jim run."

Again Thorpe came through and again Rockne stopped him, but was scarcely able to regain his feet after the play. Once more the Indian said softly,

"No. Be good boy and let Jim run."

For the third time Thorpe came plunging through. Rockne tackled. The next thing he knew, the stands were cheering and Thorpe was walking back from his touchdown. The Indian came over to where the dazed Rockne lay on the field and reaching over to help him up, said with a broad grin,

"That's good boy—let Jim run."

Thorpe resents the thought that this new opportunity may have come to him because of sympathy created by his "come-down."

"I don't want sympathy. All I want is a chance to fight back. This is my first appearance as an actor and I'm going at it just as I used to go into a football game. I'll buck the line and try to carry the ball for a gain every time I appear on the screen. I am only forty-three years old. I am a few pounds overweight, but I can soon get back in shape. I have always tried to set a good example for young athletes and I believe that if I am given the proper parts, I can still carry on that work."

RERI'S REAL NAME IS ANNA

THE NATIVE STAR OF "TABU," NOW A FOLLIES BEAUTY, ISN'T SO SAVAGE, AFTER ALL

By DON WINTERS

THE screen's latest acting sensation, the morning paper said, will never see the one picture in which she has starred. She is Reri, lovely savage, unspoiled daughter of the South Sea Islands.

The little sob-story went on to tell how the late F. W. Murnau had discovered Reri on the tiny isle of Bora Bora and had cast the inexperienced maiden in his tragic South Sea love-drama, "Tabu." The part she played, according to this sentimental little account, was much like her own life—highly dramatized, of course, but essentially the same. It told of the testing of dozens of native girls and the ultimate selection of Reri. Then concluded:

"With the picture completed, Murnau sailed away, leaving Reri to continue her life as a carefree Bora Bora maiden, living with her family, having her romances with her island lovers. The star of 'Tabu' will probably never know what the world thinks of her as an actress."

Semi-tragic, this little story. Poor Reri. Doubtless even Bora Bora girls possess their modicum of feminine vanity. Imagine never knowing of your success—for Reri is a sensational success in "Tabu"—never reading the plaudits of the picture critics, never knowing the public's reaction to a sincere, vivid performance.

This excursion into the maudlin was due, however, to receive a sudden jolt. For in another section of that same morning paper appeared a second item, a news dispatch from New York, stating that Florenz Ziegfeld was to feature a new dancer in his next "Follies"—a little South Sea Islander named Reri. So Reri was to know. She had attracted his attention in "Tabu" and had been persuaded to make the seven-thousand-mile trip to that other famous little island, Manhattan.

This reporter looked up Guy Wilkie, who was a member of the

Murnau troupe in Bora Bora. Wilkie was the cameraman chosen by the director to accompany him on the original South Seas trip, but when financial difficulties arose after several months, Wilkie returned to California. Finances arranged, Murnau cabled Wilkie to return—an offer the cameraman was

business interests. Sort of a manager, you know, and public relations counsel.

"Anna danced a mean hula and used to put on shows for tourists who wanted to see some 'native life.' She loved to dance, though she was sort of bashful and shy with people she didn't know. She always needed a little urging to get started; but once she started, she'd dance all evening just for the fun of it. Many's the time she did her hula for the entertainment of the fellows in the troupe.

"I believe Anna came from Tahiti or some place like that. Her father was French, as I remember, and her mother Polynesian. She was very light.

She spoke very good French and not such good English. But she understood plenty. She was up on her French novels, and she knew a good cigarette from a poor one.

"She didn't mix very much with the natives. Nor did she ever wear native costumes, except in the picture. She dressed like the other girls in the French colony. The only time she wore a grass skirt was when she danced. I have some snapshots of her, if you'd care to see them."

So this was the real story of Anna, not quite the simple little island maiden who was such good material for a little newspaper sob-story. She is destined to know what the world thinks of her acting and her dancing, for now she is being glorified by Ziegfeld, and being interviewed by New York newspapermen.

Yet perhaps Anna Chevalier—Reri to you—is more of a pathetic figure because she is

to know. Thrust into the maelstrom of New York night-life, she will find it difficult to readjust herself to her former carefree existence.

She disappointed San Francisco ship news reporters by arriving there dressed *a la Parisienne*. So when she reached New York, she was wearing a grass skirt.

She told reporters, through an interpreter, that she does not speak Polynesian and learned her French in a convent. (One ex-A.E.F. man among the reporters picked up a few words that weren't learned in any convent.) She likes American cocktails, airplane rides, skyscrapers, night-clubs and American reporters. She has quickly adapted herself to high-pressure America.

Yes, we're sure that we are sorrier now for Reri than we ever were.



The "native" girl who was a sensation in "Tabu" (right) isn't so naïve in real life (above). She is half-French, speaks French, wears French clothes



Does "Reri" look primitive in this exclusive snapshot?



unable to accept because of other contracts. So another photographer finished the picture.

We asked Wilkie if he had heard of Reri's "Follies" offer.

"Reri?" he repeated. "Reri? I know no one named Reri."

"She was the little native girl who played the lead in 'Tabu,'" we explained.

Wilkie continued to profess himself unacquainted with the lady until stills from the picture were procured.

"Oh, you mean Anna," he said, glancing at the photographs. "Maybe her last name is Reri, but no one called her anything but Anna. Sure, I remember Anna. She was a nice kid. A little wild, perhaps, by our standards—but a nice kid."

"Bill Bambridge, who runs a general store in the islands and helped us with locations, introduced her to Murnau. She was a friend of Alice, Bill's wife, and because of that friendship Bill looked after Anna's



Helen
Hayes
is a victim of
headline-hunters

STAR ANNOYED BY WISECRACK

HELEN HAYES WILL NOT RAISE HER DAUGHTER TO BE AN ACTRESS

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

HOW would you like it, if you were a famous stage actress, a favorite of critics as well as public, and suddenly lost all personal identity? Simply because a headline-writer waxed facetious and coined a phrase of deadly cleverness that the public, even after a year, refuses to forget?

Helen Hayes, small, blonde, blue-eyed, about to make her debut in pictures in "Lullaby" for M-G-M, complains bitterly.

"In the first place, it is very hard on the child," she told me. "What if people never forget it? Imagine her being known as 'the Act-of-God baby' after she is grown up, or even while she is a child!"

"I remember hearing about the Million-Dollar Baby years ago. Only recently I read somewhere that he had married—'Million-Dollar Baby Takes Wife' was the headline. How funny, and yet how awful! An appellation like that might affect character. It would certainly be more of a handicap than a help to anyone.

"Personally, I have been slightly irritated. The day I arrived in Los Angeles, I was met at the train by reporters and cameramen. I posed for pictures and went home pleased that I had attracted enough attention as a stage personality to merit newspaper space in the movie town. The

next morning I picked up the paper to read 'Mother of Act-of-God Baby Arrives.'!"

You may remember how the unsought title was earned. The young stage celebrity, starring in "Coquette," the play, was forced to leave the cast several weeks before her baby was born. The show closed without notice and players brought suit against producer Jed Harris for additional salary. Harris defended the case by maintaining that the arrival of a daughter to Helen Hayes and her husband, playwright Charles MacArthur (he was co-author of "The Front Page"), was an "Act of God." The courts finally ruled that young Miss MacArthur was NOT an "Act of God"—but the negative part of this, laments Miss Hayes, has long since been forgotten.

"At first it made the funny pages," she said plaintively. "There were cartoons. One in a New York paper pictured a stork carrying a baby and smacking its beak over the words: 'Aha! I've been vindicated after all these years!'"

"Charlie says she will live it all down in due time, but I doubt it. Here you are talking to me about her instead of what I think of films. The baby gets all the attention, even in my first picture interview!"

"She is a beautiful thing, like a baby on the cover of a women's magazine—all red cheeks and big eyes and lovely hair.

Did you hear of Charlie's awe-stricken remark when he first saw her? He said, 'God! She's more beautiful than Brooklyn Bridge!'"

"I was separated from her for ten weeks last summer. I left her in New York with the nurse to join Charlie on the Coast. It seemed cruel to take a five-months-old baby across the continent in the heat.

"One of the first persons I met when I returned was Alice Roosevelt Longworth. And her first remark upon learning my name was, 'Oh, so you're the mother of the "Act-of-God" baby! Tell me, how are you bringing her up? How do you go about your work and still take care of her?'"

"I was a little shamefaced. 'I don't,' I said, 'I've just abandoned her for ten long weeks.'"

"That's lovely," she returned. 'I wish I had done the same thing. Don't ever stay too close to your children because, if you do, you cannot get away later. I had my baby when I was older and I simply couldn't spend a minute apart from her. Now I cannot bear to be separated from Patricia and it's very hard on the child.'

"And that," continued Miss Hayes, "has helped give me a pattern for bringing her up. She's to be independent and so are Charlie and I. She's going to be a tomboy, I think, Not an actress, because Charlie wouldn't like that."

Will one "Act-of-God" baby be sufficient in the Hayes-MacArthur home? It will. But don't think by that that more babies are not wanted—just no more headlines.

"I want two more children—a boy and a girl, or two boys. Just so there is a little variation of sex. I would just as soon never act again if we had lots of money. I don't just want to retire and live in a cottage. I want a town house and a country house with ponies and swimming-pools and things for the children."

If Helen Hayes can manage to exert a small portion of the magnetism that has been hers on the stage, you will hear a lot of her in films. Maybe you'll forget all about the "Not The Act-of-God" baby.



Young Miss MacArthur, her mother points out, is NOT an "Act-of-God baby"

GARBO NEVER SLEEPS

This Is Her Tragedy--The Real Explanation Of Her Strange Life And Her Broken Romance

By FAITH SERVICE

THERE is a woman in Hollywood who never sleeps. A woman who is unutterably tired. A woman exhausted. A woman who cannot rest—GRETA GARBO.

From one woman in Hollywood who is a close friend of Garbo's I heard this one authentic explanation of Garbo. There have been so many. "She is dumb . . . She is perverse . . . She is temperamental . . . She is acutely conscious of the business values of her sphinx-like seclusion . . ."

All wrong. All guesses. The reason why she does what she does, the reason why she doesn't do the things that other people do, the reason for her famous eccentricities and hermit-like existence, her lack of response to the social life, her lack of response to eager lovers is this—*Garbo is an insomniac.*

She never sleeps.

Leslie Howard has said to me, "By our physical disabilities should we be judged."

This is diabolically true of Garbo.

How can one judge a woman so mortally tired?

At the most, at the best, Garbo knows fifteen minutes of sleep at a stretch.

She doesn't go out, she doesn't entertain, she doesn't mingle or know friendships—because, she says, an evening with people is an evening of possible sleep lost. It is, at best, only possible. The faces of people she has seen keep coming back to her, in procession, over and over again, gesticulating, grimacing, laugh-

ing. And so she doesn't see people. The words she has heard spoken repeat themselves in her mind, over and over again, with endless variations.

The mannish clothes she affects—the drab tailored suits, the heavy shoes, the slouch hat—are worn partly for purposes of exercise, but more for purposes of disguise. When she walks along the Boulevard, she doesn't want people to recognize her, to stop her, to try to interview her. When she dines in downtown Holly-

wood, she selects some little-known, out-of-the-way café, where there are no celebrity-chasers. And if anyone recognizes the unobtrusive diner as Garbo, she is likely to leave abruptly. Such forced encounters haunt her.

Insomnia is why Garbo takes her endless walks, up and down the beach, miles and miles of beach, in rain as in sunshine—tramping, tramping—in the hope that physical exhaustion will induce oblivion. Mental exhaustion never does.

Insomnia is why Garbo takes her constant sun-baths. Sitting in the sun—as near a somnolent condition as possible—is the nearest Gar-

bo ever comes to a protracted rest.

Garbo has been an insomniac off and on for years. To begin with, the malady was mild. With the death of Mauritz Stiller, the famous director who brought her to America, it became chronic and hideous. Since that tragedy, the deepest in her life,



Garbo wears a slouch hat so that passersby will not recognize her. Forced encounters with people haunt her



For years, the famous Garbo eyes have remained open many a night

her eyes stare open through the long hours of the night as, preceding his death, Stiller's eyes stared open through the long hours of the night. Stiller, who had to have a house with several bedrooms in it, hoping that if sleep would not come to him in one room it might in another. There is no room where sleep will come to Garbo.

It may be this hitherto unknown secret in Garbo's life that prevents her from love. It was death-like exhaustion that sent so ardent a lover as John Gilbert away with a heart-breaking refusal. Gilbert, whose heart is broken, who still speaks of Garbo with the naïveté of a boy knowing his first love: "I saw Garbo on the set to-day—*she spoke to me!*" Of no other woman in his life does Gilbert speak as he speaks of Garbo.

Garbo, too tired for love.

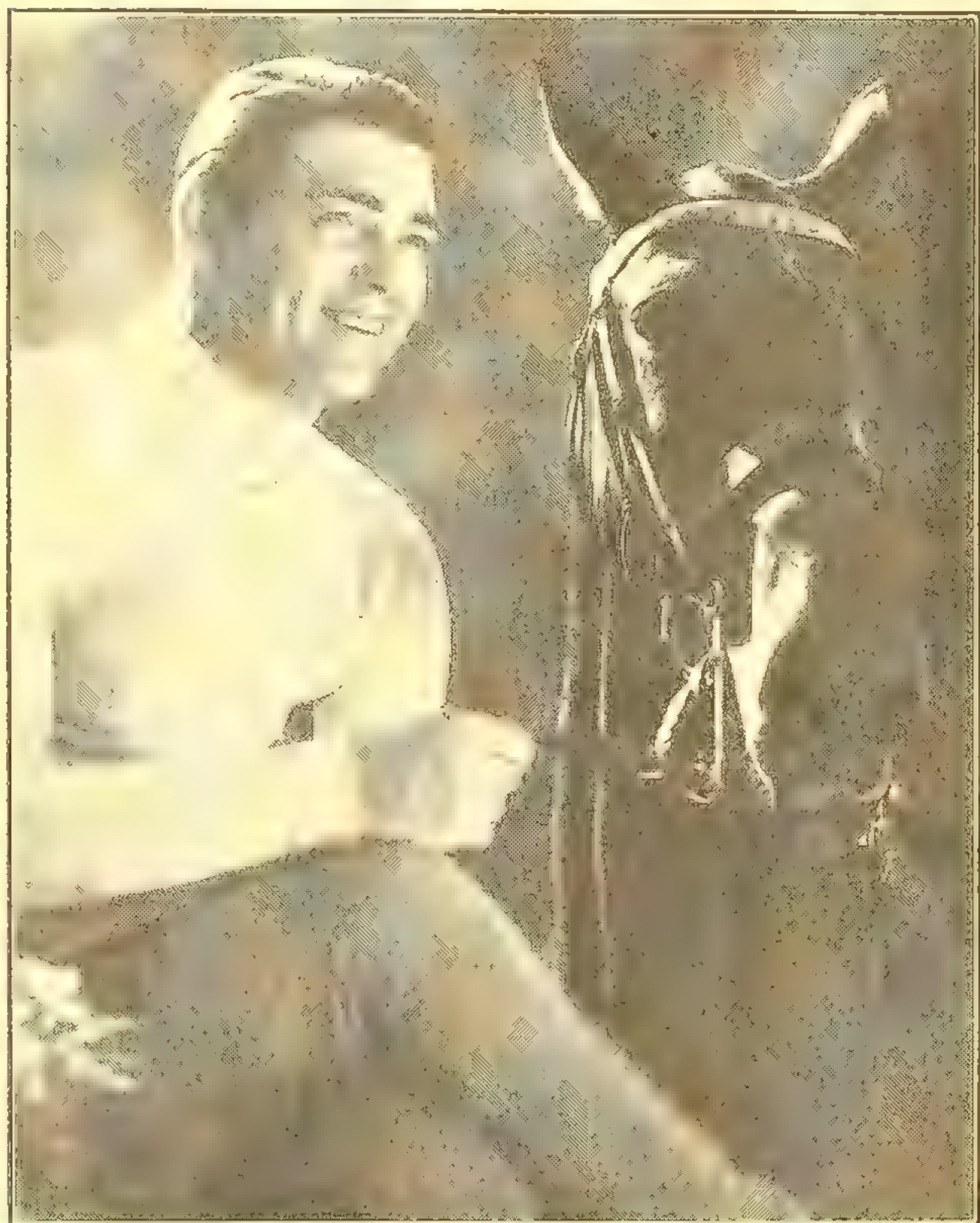
No other star in Hollywood has such a reputation for fascinating her leading men. Romance is continually beckoning to the sad-eyed Swedish girl, but she turns her head away. She is too tired.

Is there no medicine, no magic of science that might bring her relief? She never thinks of sleeping potions, never will. That is the easy way. Garbo prefers the hard way, the Spartan way.

Some night, perhaps, sleep will come as it did when she was a child . . .

HOW MANY MARRIAGES FOR CLARK GABLE?

POPULAR ACTOR SAYS HE HAS BEEN WED TWICE,
BUT FRIENDS CLAIM FOUR MARRIAGES FOR HIM



By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"NO," Clark Gable's friends quote him as saying last summer, "I'm not married now. My wife just got a divorce in April."

"Yes," Clark Gable admitted six months later to inquiring interviewers, "I'm married. But I'd rather not discuss that, please."

Then, a few weeks ago, came a hasty trip to Santa Ana, where a license was secured for William C. Gable and Mrs. Rita Langham to wed. The license indicated, it was reported, that this was the lady's third marriage, and Clark Gable's second. Maybe his first marriage to Mrs. Langham did not count.

How many times has Clark Gable really said, "I do"? Let us see! The newest "great lover" of the screen labors under the misfortune of being a local boy who hung around Los

Clark Gable, who is making feminine hearts flutter as no one has since Valentino, prefers women older than himself

Valentino when he thought that no one would find out that he had married Natacha Rambova in Mexico before his California divorce was final. For an exactly similar reason Clark Gable says he remarried the lady whom he first wed "somewhere back East," a trifle too soon after he and Josephine Dillon were divorced. Though he does not declare dramatically, like Rudy, "My love could not be kept waiting!"—a line that thrilled a million women.

Who is the present Mrs. Clark Gable? Apparently an attractive, smartly-dressed and well-to-do divorcée, with two previous husbands and a son and daughter. Clark met her in the East when he temporarily gave up the struggle to make a go of picture work and tried his luck on Broadway. Was he married to her when he returned to Los Angeles in the stage production of "The Last Mile" and won a

Angeles casting offices for years. There are altogether too many people here who "knew him when"!

Friends warned Clark that if he wanted to keep his remarriage to Rita Langham secret, he had better not go to Santa Ana, whose courthouse has been the scene of so many headline romances that reporters watch it like hawks. But Clark is apparently sincere in his declaration, "Why, I'm nobody! I'm not important! I'm just an actor working at his job!"

If he really thought that no notice would be taken of his wedding, he was very much mistaken—as mistaken as Rudolph

screen contract? If so, why did he tell friends last summer at Malibu that he wasn't married? If not, when and where were they married the first time?

As though this were not enough mystery, the newspapers printed the ages of the couple—the lady's as forty-one, Gable's as thirty. For the second time he has married a wife ten years his senior.

While he was living here humbly several years ago, often going hungry, one of the women who saw him making his endless rounds of the theaters, agencies, and casting offices was Josephine Dillon, a well-known vocal teacher. She took pity on this ambitious, poorly-prepared boy and worked with him tirelessly, coaching him, improving his delivery of dramatic lines. At length they were married. Though they separated not long after, it was not until April, 1930, that the lady obtained a divorce from her young husband. Her age was given as forty-two.

But according to one of Clark's closest friends, a young screen actor, even this was not Gable's first marriage! For good measure this friend's story mentions a young son also, and swears that he has often seen telegrams from the boy to Clark. Which, if true, would make four marriages for the newest screen sheik, counting two to Mrs. Langham!

"Clark's preference for older women is easily explainable," says a well-known actress, who helped him get small theatrical parts in the old days. "He was never sure of himself—he relied on other people's advice. He had terrific respect for experience. He needed guidance and knew it. Older women's liking for Clark is also understandable. He appealed to their maternal instinct. He was very humble about himself, boyishly enthusiastic, grateful. He used to have plenty of chances to go out with beautiful girls, but he always chose to be with mature women, whenever he could."

The mere fact that the Gable-Langham marriage at Santa Ana was a remarriage did not surprise Hollywood. Only last spring Helen Twelvetrees announced her marriage to Frank Woody, only to remarry him a few days later, just to make sure that the titles to community property were all in legal order. John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy once remarried, too.

Hollywood doesn't know what to make of this matrimonial mystery. Why hasn't Hollywood seen the new Mrs. Clark Gable with her young husband at openings and restaurants? Did Clark Gable really say, as he is quoted as saying when an actor mentioned Josephine Dillon, "Dillon? Josephine Dillon? I don't believe I know the lady"? Has Clark a nine-year-old son? Why all the mystery? It's an out-of-date superstition that the public prefers its romantic heroes unmarried!



STAR REPORTED SLAIN BY PRINCESS

EUROPE CONVINCED JEANETTE MACDONALD WAS "PUT OUT OF WAY" BY JEALOUS ROYAL WIFE

By JACK GRANT

JEANETTE MACDONALD has lost the sight of one eye as the result of being shot by a royal bride in a quarrel over the affections of a European prince.

No—it was vitriol the princess threw in Jeanette's face; and Jeanette, in despondency over the loss of her beauty, committed suicide.

No—Jeanette did not take her own life; she was killed by a bullet from the royal gun.

These and a score of equally fantastic rumors have spiced the newspaper gossip of Europe's capitals for the past several months. The reports have reached the proportions of an international scandal. Open discussion of the "affair" has occupied the foreign press since last fall. Neither denials, affidavits nor pictures seem capable of stopping the gossip, which is driving Jeanette almost frantic. Now even Charlie Chaplin is mixed up in it.

The weird stories have complicated details. They started with a mysterious automobile accident near Bruges, Belgium, last August. There were two occupants in the car, a woman and a man, both of whom were seriously injured and taken to a nearby hospital. Two days later they strangely disappeared in the night, being secretly transported to a special train. It was whispered then that the man in the accident was a crown prince, heir to a great throne. But not until some months later was it said that the woman was our own Jeanette MacDonald, whom the prince was once quoted as calling his favorite movie star.

This apparently came about with the rumor concerning the alleged intention of the crown princess to divorce her royal husband. The princess was said to have met Jeanette on the Riviera where the purported shooting occurred. First, Jeanette was supposed to have lost an eye—then came the vitriol and subsequent suicide version, which finally became the murder story. People can be found who firmly support one or another of these rumors—some who believe all three.

At any rate, in Europe the gen-

eral consensus of opinion is that Jeanette MacDonald is really dead, however she met her fate. You see, the existence of "doubles" for movie stars is well known the world over and the belief is that Jeanette's "double" is now appearing in her place with her name. Such an idea is palpably absurd to American fans, but apparently the term "double" is taken more literally by our Continental cousins.

Even the announcement of Jeanette's engagement to Robert Ritchie did little to quell the reports of her death. One French newspaper admitted receiving the announcement. "But," it stated, "this is not quite the truth, either. It is not Jeanette MacDonald who is marrying Mr. Ritchie, but her sister. They told of the marriage to kill rumors."

It is at this point that one Charles Spencer Chaplin makes his bow. He is mixed up in the case for no other apparent reason than his presence in Europe. But, the stories go, Jeanette—doubtless just before her sudden demise—turned over letters to him that told of her "royal lover." Charlie, being a gentleman, is said to have surrendered them upon the request of a certain king, who personally came to Paris to receive them. Some say it was not the king, but a duke. Just another of the many conflicting reports. It was, however, for this "service," according to several newspapers, that "Charlotte" received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

A few European papers view with distress the diplomatic difficulties that

might arise as a result of the stories, but only one of the many clippings that lie before me suggests that the story might be a publicity stunt. This dispatch shrugs, "American publicity is capable of anything."

And what of Jeanette MacDonald, about whom all this turmoil is raging? She has done her best to stop the rumors, cabling emphatic denials whenever a new story appeared. But according to the European press she is quite dead and they apparently do not believe in spirit messages, refusing to recognize her cabled denials.

The oddest phase of the affair is that Jeanette has never met a crown prince and until this spring, had never been to Europe. She was really in Hollywood, working on her first feature for Fox Studios, during the entire period she was supposed to have been in Europe, being murdered.



Jeanette MacDonald didn't smile like this when she heard she had been "murdered." She tried—in vain—to stop the stories

And the picture she was making was, ironically enough, titled, "Oh, For a Man!"

Now on vacation from film work, Jeanette has gone abroad—principally to dispel the scandal rumors. She is making a concert tour of the chief Continental capitals—Paris, Berlin and London (with particular emphasis on Paris)—in a determined effort to stop the stories. Europe has to see to believe!

THE GILBERT-BENNETT ROMANCE FADES OUT

THE LONELY JOHN AND THE
WISTFUL JOAN ARE NOT
THAT WAY ABOUT EACH
OTHER AT ALL

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

JOAN AND

JOHN ARE MERELY FRIENDS

THIS is the way New York heard it: "A romance is brewing between John Gilbert and Joan Bennett."

But that isn't the story Hollywood tells, with chuckles of delight, about Jack Gilbert's "restful romance" with Joan—which lasted, according to Hollywood's version, just the span of a single dinner party at Malibu.

Romantically speaking, Jack has been a dull boy for a long time now. It has long been understood that he has lost his faith in humanity, has decided that he is through with love, and has retired into a sort of Garboredom, refusing himself to interviewers, the public, and even most of his friends. People just didn't understand him, that was all. He played tennis with a few masculine friends, and looked dark and stern and heart-broken, and very, very handsome. Gilbert the "great lover," disappeared.

Then suddenly, for the first time apparently in months, he saw a woman. Joan Bennett is young, fragile, wide-eyed and wistful-looking. Playing with her young daughter on the sands, she was a womanly picture, you may imagine, to the eyes of a disillusioned man. Or, to produce a metaphor in harmony with Malibu's landscape, to a shipwrecked sailor of the sea of matrimony, looking for a sail.

"She's restful. She has repose. She's serene," those near Jack heard him murmur.

Whereupon the impulsive screen

lover invited Joan to dinner at his bungalow.

Now, to understand what follows, it is necessary to give you a background of Hollywood gossip. You may remember reading of the romance of Joan and John Considine, Jr., young film executive. You may remember reading also that this romance was off. The truth seems to be that it still is one of these on-again-off-again things. Between tiffs each is seen dancing with someone else at the Mayfair or some other favorite resort of the screen stars. Lew Ayres, for example, has been an occasional escort of Joan—probably only because Lew and Lola Lane were temporarily on the outs. It is recognized technique in the game of

Love, to keep up interest by arousing jealousy. Which may be why Joan accepted Jack's invitation to dinner—and again, of course, may not be.

At any rate, it seems certain that she must have let her part-time admirer know in some way that she was dining with the fascinating Jack. And it seems certain also that he retaliated by inviting the seductive Lola Lane to dine with *him*, and allowed this fact to be known.

The stage was set for Jack Gilbert's Restful Romance, with varied emotions seething beneath the small-talk at several Malibu dinner tables. Some possibly guessed that all was not as serene as it seemed. Malibu keeps open house and people continually stroll in upon their neighbors. Among those who strolled in upon the Gilbert dinner party, so Hollywood relates the tale, was a friend of John Considine, who glowered at Jack's guest and presently strolled out again.

However, says Hollywood, Jack was finding Joan everything he had hoped—gentle, sympathetic, restful, romantically lovely—when the peace was rudely shattered by the arrival of Considine, who, having sent his guest, Lola Lane, home to Hollywood in his car, had had time for reflection and considered himself ill-used. If you wonder how this tale got out, you must remember the topography of Malibu. The houses are built so closely together there that the inhabitants have no secrets from each other, and in this case many were those who were witnesses, auditors and practically participants in the evening's events.

They relate excited demands for somebody to leave the house at once, equally irate refusals, statements. "This lady is under my protection! She shall do as she pleases!" Plaintive feminine queries (what lady doesn't like to be the center of a fight?): "How can you do this to me?" Invitations to somebody to come outside while somebody popped somebody in the nose, interspersed with protests of eternal friendship.

In the midst of the general uproar appeared Lew Ayres, who had heard that Lola was dining at Malibu, was inclined to disbelieve that she had left, and—so we are told—insisted upon searching for her.

The argument moved from house to house, from beach to interior, now waxing loud, now almost dying down, so that the sleepy neighbors-turned over in bed and drowsed off, only to be awakened by an offer to pop somebody's nose on the midnight beach outside their windows.

At last, when everyone was too sleepy to be amused any longer, the roar of several automobiles, carrying the invited and uninvited guests away, fell upon the silence of early dawn.

And John Gilbert's Restful Romance was at an end. A complete end, so we hear.

LOOKING THEM OVER

Gossip From
The West Coast

By Dorothy
Manners

Edwina ("Trader Horn") Booth—in black—looks all set for a big party. Yes, and another big rôle

Lillian Bond—in white—is also dressed to go places. To New York, so rumor has it, for a summer revue



POLA NEGRI and Marlene Dietrich certainly eyed each other carefully, if cautiously, at the première of "Rebound."

Marlene had the first good look as Pola, in a stunning white gown, swept down the aisle to her seat in front of Marlene and Josef von Sternberg.

Every eye in the house, including *la* Dietrich's, was on the Polish flame as she flamed and bowed herself into the theater. The scouts from the outside say Pola occasioned even a greater "Ah" from the crowd than had Marlene herself when she entered—though Marlene's "Ah" was gasping enough.

Any way you want to figure it, the girls stole the honors of the evening away from Ina Claire, who stars in the picture.

DURING that big Taking A Bow Number at the end of the evening's festivities, Ina acquired the spotlight long enough to make a quaint curtain speech. She said: "For the first time in my life I am speechless."

Maybe she realized for the first time that she was the only member of the cast to get her face into the camera! Or do you suppose she knew it all along?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S next picture, so the story goes, will be a talkie—but Charlie will keep his promise to remain silent by playing a deaf-and-dumb man!

No one seems to know when impulsive Charlie will decide to come home. He likes the Riviera so well he has been trying to rent a château. But one of these days he'll pack up and take the first boat. It's a bet.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has a right to be sore at those rumors that he is "hiding his wife in the background." Wherever that silly story started, it couldn't have been inspired through any actions or wishes of Bob's.

The truth is that Mrs. Montgomery does not wish to be interviewed or quoted on her husband's success, and his company is not anxious to play up their fascinating leading man as "already spoken for." So far as the public goes, Mrs. Montgomery doesn't want to exist—but in private she's usually to be found right at Bob's elbow.

(You may take that almost literally. She's not very tall.)

The other night Bob and Mrs. Bob occupied a ringside table at the Cocanut Grove. They danced together and held hands just like all the collegiate couples that jammed the floor.

It's a funny thing about the Montgomerys—like Mike and Ike, they look alike. They could pass for brother and sister. Even their names are alliterative—Betty and Bob.

JACK OAKIE is getting fat!

Honest, pounds and pounds of it.

Love increaseth the weight.

WHAT in the world has happened to the romance rumors concerning Richard Dix?

Rich, who used to be reported engaged on an average of once every six months, has not had his name linked with a pretty girl's for nearly a year now.

Another "great lover" turned hermit?



Hurrell

It isn't quite hot enough for Joan Marsh (above). Or does an engine boiler seem cool after those scenes in "The Great Lover"? But Polly Walters (right), out from New York for "Expensive Women," is keeping herself on ice



Fryer

NEWS AND VIEWS OF

ROMANCES That Con- tinue:

Ina Claire and
Robert Ames.
Clarence Brown
and Mona Maris.
Alice White and
"Cy" Bartlett.
Buddy Rogers and
Harriet Lake.
Loretta Young
and
Ray Le Strange.

MARCE-
LINE
DAY managed to
keep her marriage
to Arthur J.
Klein a secret for
some time.

According to
Marceline's moth-

er, the couple have been married in two ceremonies—the first occurring several months ago in Mexico, and the second taking place recently in New York.



Dyar

Now that she has that mahogany complexion she went after, Lillian Tashman is hiding most of it under French-sailor pajamas. Lil isn't blushing. That's just tan!

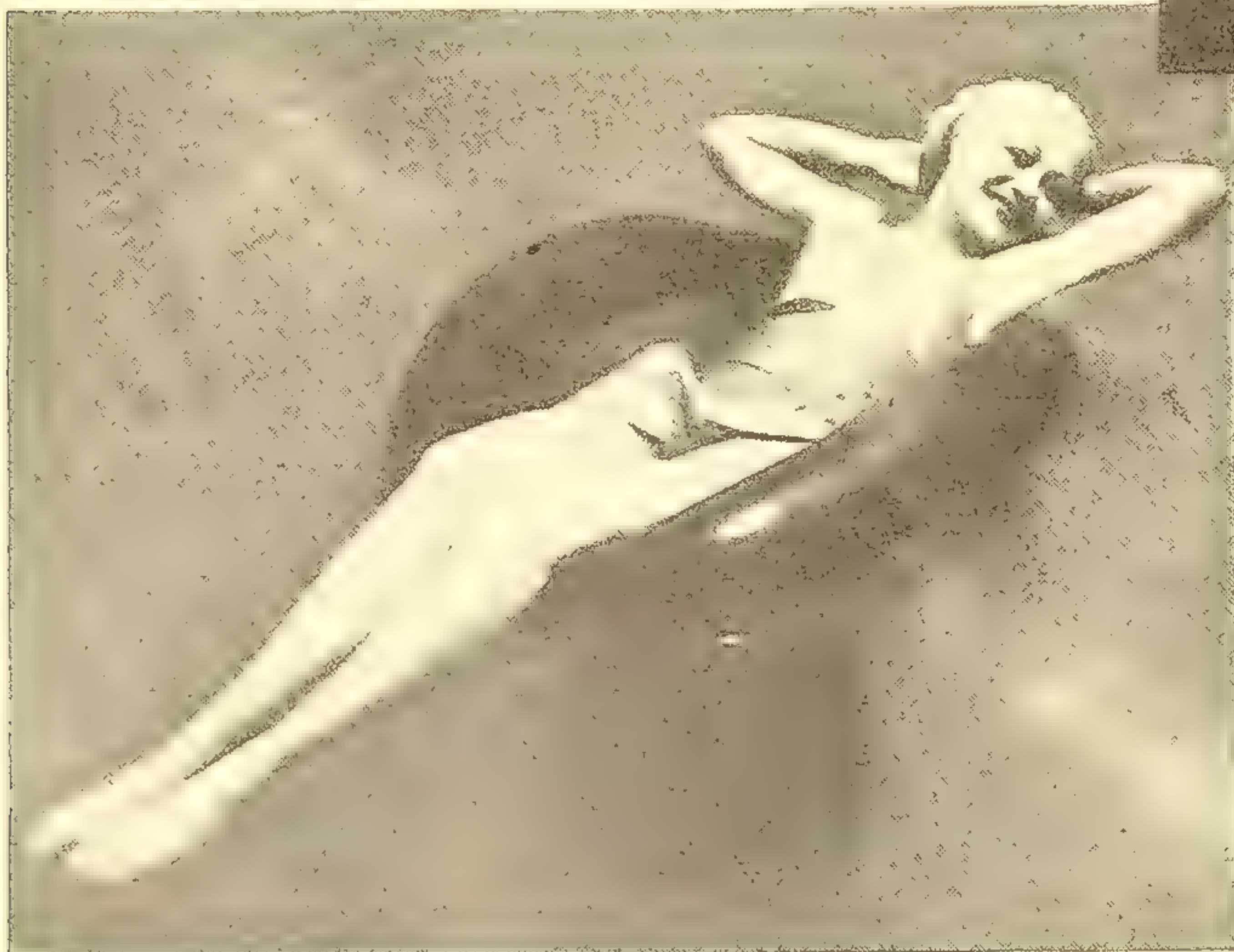
er, the couple have been married in two ceremonies—the first occurring several months ago in Mexico, and the second taking place recently in New York.

LOLA LANE got all up in the air when some meanie suggested that she was not Lew Ayres' type of girl.

"Whoever heard of such a thing?" she sputtered. "No two people were ever more congenial than Lew and I. We even think alike, we like the same people, we like the same places, we laugh and cry at the same things. The whole thing is too silly, preposterous, absurd, inane, crazy—"

Here Lola became so upset that she ran out of adjectives.

THE movie fans in a certain café certainly must have had a big thrill the other night, when Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell stepped



Richie

Water, water, everywhere—and not a chance to sink! This is how Wynne Gibson rests up from those strenuous rôles as The Other Woman—the latest being in "The Road to Reno"

out on the floor and danced together—just like old times. But don't get excited—

Lydell Peck and Virginia Valli were in the same dinner party, which was given in honor of the visiting Hawaiian princesses. Next to Janet's dance with Charlie, her light fantastic with Monte Blue proved the high-light of the evening—Monte being so tall and rangy, and Janet being so tiny. Once Monte stooped 'way down and yelled above the jazz din: "Hello, young lady! How's the weather down there?"

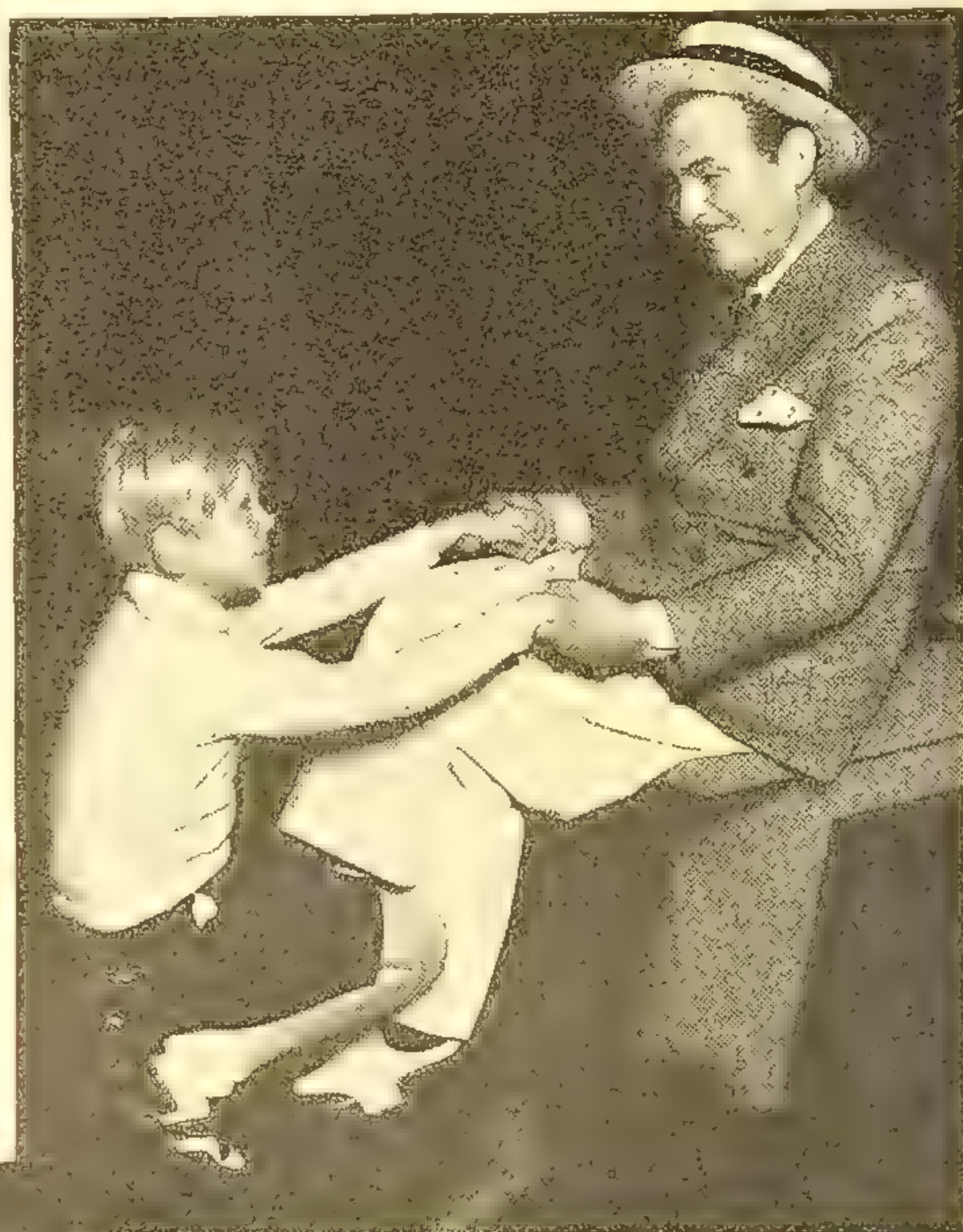
AFTER making up with M-G-M and promising to be a good boy, Charles Bickford is once more free of a contract with that studio. Charlie didn't squawk his way out this time. He was merely unrenewed.

THIS
Month's
Crop of Ru-
mors:

Joan Craw-
ford's ex-
pectation of a
"blessed
event."

The im-
pending mar-
riage of Ernst
Lubitsch and
Ona Munson.

The same



Wm. Grimes

Every studio in town wanted young Jackie Cooper, but M-G-M managed to keep him. For one thing, he likes Lew Cody, the jovial villain

talk about Helene Lubitsch (ex-Mrs. Lubitsch) and Hans Kraly.

Charles Bickford as a substitute for Richard Dix on the RKO program.

The Fredric Marches' not expecting an interesting event after all. Freddie was only kidding Walter Winchell, who publicly forecasts such big moments.

The possibility of a romance between Mary Astor and a handsome young doctor.

THERE is no doubt that Clark Gable is a very sex-appealing young man.

But something should be done about the way Clark calls the ladies he meets "Ma'am."

If there's anything that spoils a romantic feeling like a misplaced "Yes, ma'am," it's a thrill-dulling "No, ma'am."

A WEEK before William Powell and Carole Lombard were married, he invited his ten-year-old son, Bill, Jr., who is attending military school in Los Angeles, to dine

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

with his very-nearly new step-mother. Later, when asked how Bill, Jr., and Carole got along, Powell made a wistful remark:

"It is sometimes difficult to get all the threads of one's life pulling in the same direction."

The former Mrs. Powell (Eileen Wilson) has recently moved to Hollywood to be near her son's school.

PERCY CROSBY was so pleased with Jackie Cooper's portrait of his cartoon character, *Skippy*, that he sent the young star a gold watch in appreciation of his work.

WHOOPEE-Lupe Velez has certainly been burning up vaudeville circuits with hot imitations of the folks she left behind her in Hollywood. And how the audiences love it! From the reports that drift back, Lupe is the most sensational headliner who ever stepped from Hollywood to the two-a-day.

And she still doesn't care what she says!

In prefacing her imitation of Dolores Del Rio, she remarks (so it is reported): "Maybe you will remember Dolores Del Rio—"

And an ex-titled lady of the screen, say the reports, is referred to merely as "the Marquise de la Faw-Faw."

IT'S a ten-to-one shot that Lupe won't be back in Hollywood for a long, long time. Worried musical comedy producers, who haven't known where their next audience was coming from for the last year are besieging Lupe with starring contracts that are far more flattering than anything Hollywood has to offer her at the present moment.

There is a strong rumor that Lupe will wind up in George White's "Scandals," which are the Follies' chief competition. White tried to get Clara Bow, but she didn't accept his big offer (reported to be ten thousand a week). Clara needs some more rest.

(Continued on page 76)



Richee

You'll see Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan hanging around together again in "Huckleberry Finn." Did you know they're as clubby as Huck and Tom off the screen, too?



Bette Davis is a little beauty—bathing and otherwise. Being one of Mr. Universal's favorite chillun, she has a big chance in "Waterloo Bridge"

John Boles riding a new bicycle along the road back of his home.

SEEN At Malibu:

Little Mary Hay Barthelmess, back from a visit to her mother, sitting on the beach in front of her father's house with Joan Crawford.

Constance Bennett's Russian wolfhound adding a note of formality to the beach scene.



William Haines came back from Europe to spend the dog days here. He's making "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

MERVYN ("Boy Director") Le Roy, who recently separated from Edna Murphy, is going places with Ginger Rogers—and Jack White, the "ex" of Pauline Starke, is ditto with Blanche Mehaffey.

THE best news Hollywood has had in a long time is that Evalyn Knapp's injury, brought about when she fell thirty feet over a rock embankment and injured some vertebrae, will not keep her permanently from the screen.

Evalyn and her brother, Stanley, were hiking in the Hollywood hills when the pretty little Warner Brothers' player suddenly lost footing and plunged into a deep ravine.

She was immediately rushed to a hospital in a police car that happened to be nearby. For two days it was not known if she would ever be able to appear again before the camera. Her doctors are now of the opinion that Evalyn will recover—but her studio contract cannot be resumed for three or four months.



Wm. E. Thomas

Finished with "Rebound," which promises to be a hit, Ina Claire is down at Malibu, sipping her iced tea all alone. Wonder what will happen if she spots John Gilbert, her Ex?

TAKING IN

LARRY REID'S SLANT



HUSH MONEY For an underworld picture of a familiar pattern, "Hush Money" is surprisingly good entertainment. This may be traced to the fact that you see practically no murder done, and are spared all but the briefest scenes of prison life. Or, again, it may be traced to the excellent performance of Joan Bennett—easily the best she has given to date. The story deals with the traditional innocent young thing who finally discovers that her companions are crooks, tries to get away from them, and is blackmailed. Except for Hardie Albright as leading man, the entire cast—which includes Myrna Loy and Owen Moore—does wonders with the well-worn plot and dialogue. And one scene—in which the inspector tips off the gangster—packs a real punch.



FIVE AND TEN Marion Davies deserts comedy for Fannie Hurst melodrama, and the result is not half so entertaining as the usual Davies picture. This is chiefly the fault of the story. Stripped of Fannie Hurst's literary style, it is revealed as one of the oldest plots in existence. The big business man is too busy with his investments (a chain system, in this case) to pay much attention to his family. His wife amuses herself with a gigolo, his daughter falls in love with a sophisticated architect, his son takes up with the servants—and all three get into such trouble that father finally sees the light. The excellent cast includes Irene Rich and Richard Bennett (father of Connie and Joan), but only Marion and the always-capable Leslie Howard rise above their material.



NIGHT NURSE Here is a picture to keep you on the edge of your seat from the first scene to the fade-out. Here is something new. Here is the tense drama of life and death, set in a natural stage—a huge hospital. The chief character is a nurse, trapped in a net of intrigue on her first private case—and so cleverly is the picture put together that you seem to see events through her eyes. Barbara Stanwyck carves a niche for herself among the movie great in the rôle of the nurse. Ben Lyon is the hero—a good-natured bootlegger. And just for good measure, Clark Gable—who is beginning to rouse women as Valentino once did—is the "heavy" of the piece. What if it does have a tendency to be melodramatic? It also has suspense and some intense acting. Don't you dare miss it!



POLITICS With political scandals flowing over the front pages in a steady stream, the newest Dressler-Moran comedy-drama is timely. Moreover, it suggests an amusing remedy for municipal corruption. Embattled suffragettes is what they are this time, with Marie leading a revolt of women voters against the politicians and racketeers who rule their fair city. Needless to say, the men all bow to warlike Marie, who gets results by persuading housewives to strike until conditions are bettered. She is as amusing as ever, but many will miss the little moments of heartache that Marie can portray so aptly. Polly clowns satisfactorily, though her new teeth change her appearance. The romance—supplied by Karen Morley and William Bakewell—is cleverly managed.

THE TALKIES

ON THE LATEST FILMS

This is the picture Clara Bow was just starting when she suffered the nervous breakdown that ended in her parting with Paramount. Her place was taken by Peggy Shannon, who now is being ballyhooed as "the greatest find of the year." The reason for all the enthusiasm is not apparent in her first screen effort. The new star is a personable young lady, more attractive than most, and immensely likable—but "The Secret Call" hardly gives her a chance to show great talent. The story—unintentionally amusing at times—revolves around a telephone operator, who overhears a call that gives her a chance to get even with the man who ruined her father. Richard Arlen, co-starred, also has small chance to glitter.

THE SECRET CALL



Again we have that ancient poser: "When a lady kisses, should she tell?" And again we have Constance Bennett as the lady with the slightly-soiled past. It is now a familiar rôle with Connie, so familiar that she can play it effortlessly, almost mechanically. And, moreover, does. As usual, the background is sophisticated. As usual, Connie is so glamorous that you get the distinct impression that her original indiscretion would have been all right if she hadn't been so indiscreet as to tell about it. However, to make things harder to believe than usual, the young man who objects to girls-with-pasts is an artist. Joel McCrea plays this rôle so sincerely that it's obvious he's on his way to bigger things.

THE COMMON LAW



Norman Taurog, who directed "Skippy," took a Sinclair Lewis satire of Hollywood, called in three talented youngsters and two capable comédiennes, and mixed them well. The resultant cinema cocktail is called "Newly Rich." Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl play the parts of two obnoxious child stars of the movies, whose mothers—Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda—spend most of their time battling over the kiddies. Toward the end, the fighting shifts to London, where each has taken her offspring to meet a child king (Bruce Line). The sequence where the three little idols escape and find out how other youngsters live is the high spot of the picture. The rest of the fun, particularly the farcical version of Hollywood, verges on slapstick.

NEWLY RICH



William (Stage) Boyd is to escape being typed as a "hard guy" and is to be built into a star. "Murder by the Clock" is the picture that starts him on his way. But behind the intriguing title lurks only a pale thriller. A cold-blooded, avaricious woman persuades her husband to murder his aunt for her money, and then induces her artist-lover to do away with her husband. The suspense of the picture lies in wondering if she will eventually be trapped. Boyd, of course, plays the detective and does it capably enough. But Lilyan Tashman, in the thankless rôle of the sinister wife, walks away with the individual honors. (Wonder when they'll begin to build Lilyan into a star?) You'll be surprised to see Sally O'Neil as the comedy relief.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK



A New Redhead Succeeds Clara Bow

THIS is going to be a Peggy Shannon Year at Paramount.

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Peggy has been billed as Clara Bow's successor, because she has red hair and took Clara's part in "The Secret Call" when the original redhead broke down.

But Peggy is more than that. She's the successor of everybody at Paramount who, for one reason or another, has not fitted into the scheme of things.

In her first two months in Hollywood she has played the lead in two pictures, and is scheduled for two more. No languid moments for Peggy. All she has seen of California is one glimpse of the Brown Derby, and a very close view of the grindstone—where most of us have our noses.

That pleases her, for she's a little afraid of Hollywood people, and feels they're just waiting around to see how you'll act, now that you're getting along in pictures.

Her face defies all the laws of beauty and photography. She has a too-generous mouth, and none of the other conventional perfections, but she looks grand. With very long hair, hazel eyes, and friendly grin, Peggy doesn't fit into any definite type. That's her greatest asset. She can pinch-hit for Clara Bow or Mary Brian with equal ease. She hasn't Clara's "It" or Mary's sweetness, but she has acting ability, which can give a pretty good imitation of either.

Her second rôle was Mary's coveted part in "Silence."

When it became apparent even to the most optimistic that Carman Barnes had been shrewd in signing up at a thousand a week before anyone had a chance to see her perform before the camera, Peggy was put into her modern-youth rôle in "The Road To Reno." Next she'll probably be announced as the new Chatterton, when and if, Ruth goes to Warner Brothers.

Miss Shannon comes from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where

the natives consider themselves Southerners and talk with a drawl. Peggy went to New York with her mother and sister as soon as she finished high school, and her first act was to lose her accent, though it was a bitter struggle. But you can still tell she's from the South because she loves Southern cooking.

Paramount found this little wonder on the New York stage. She started auspiciously in the Follies, and soon graduated into the serious drama that was her goal. But her career was more full of flops than the average. In two years she was in fifteen failures. In fact, she never did have a real success, but Paramount liked her performance in "Napi" so well that they signed her up.

"They had approached me several times before that," she said, "but I was so sure I'd look horrible on the screen that I wouldn't take a test. Finally, last winter, they said, 'Well, at least come over and try. It can't hurt you.' So I did, and this is what happened.

"The make-up girl here is a genius. I simply can't believe the wonders she has worked with my face.

"It's entirely new to me, this studio method of discussing your good and bad points as if you were a horse, standing you up and turning you around and examining you and bringing everyone in for consultation. Do you know that on the stage I've never even had my hair dressed? Now I'm surrounded by make-up men, hairdressers, and wardrobe mistresses, being waved and patted and powdered and sewn up."

It's just like being on the auction block, says Peggy. Only everybody's just about as impersonal about it as if you *were* a horse. If you develop an unwanted pound of flesh somewhere, they do everything but send out bulletins. Everyone on the lot knows about it, and everyone comes around with helpful

(Continued on page 75)



Many were called, but Peggy Shannon was chosen when a vivid redhead was needed to replace Clara Bow. She came to the screen by way of Arkansas and the Follies—and is now doing very well for herself



MIRIAM HOPKINS EARNS A HOLIDAY

Miriam Hopkins surely had a holiday coming to her after contributing such a sparkling performance in "The Smiling Lieutenant." That Miriam's talents were appreciated is proved by her sponsors bringing her West—and giving her a beach vacation before she started her new picture, "The Dover Road"



There isn't a steadier pair of eyes in Hollywood than Joan Bennett's. Or a more wistful, more appealing pair. What gives her eyes that look of longing? Some untold sadness? Or simply the knowledge that no girl can be an ideal heroine unless she has I'll-be-faithful-forever eyes? That is a mystery you may never solve—even in "She Wanted A Millionaire"

JOAN BENNETT



Wm. E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES OF THE SCREEN'S NAVY

O, it's great to be a sailor, if you have an expert tailor, and a yacht to sail upon! All decked out in nautical pajamas, cruising dreamily over a very Pacific ocean, Helen Twelvetreese looks like a girl who might be thinking of the sea of matrimony, instead. She is a recent bride, and the picture she is now embarking on is called "The Mad Marriage"



Elmer Fryer

By superb acting—by seeming to *be* each character he plays—he has made it difficult for most people to visualize the real Edward G. Robinson. His middle name is not “Gangster,” but “Gould.” If you must know, he has a passion for music. But acting comes first. He is making you forget the real Robinson again in “Five-Star Final”

EDWARD G. ROBINSON



Elmer Fryer

JAMES CAGNEY

Tough? James Cagney looked it in "The Public Enemy." He didn't leave a thing undone to show you what a gangster is really like. But, like Robinson, he isn't what he sometimes seems. Off the screen, he is mild-mannered. He'd like to be a paintbrush artist instead of a dramatic artist. But not a chance, after the performance he gives in "Larceny Lane"!



Bullock

There's one thing about Jean Harlow—when you see her in a bathing-suit, she certainly takes your mind off the Hoover moratorium, John D. Rockefeller's birthday and the fact that the Prince of Wales has new purple clothes. Jean does it in any kind of togs, of course, but she doesn't lose a bit of her charm when togged out in these one-piece things. That cool-looking platinum-blond hair deserves a cool setting, and here it is—Jean (*Psyche*) Harlow's own private pool

THE CINEMA PSYCHE AT THE POOL

A New Favorite With The Women

The very newest screen lover—Warren William—is keen for Hollywood girls, and Hollywood girls are keen for him. With a Barrymore profile, the roving eyes of Edmund Lowe and the easy manner of Ronald Colman—he should appeal to feminine fans everywhere

BY BETTY WILLIS

WARREN WILLIAM has been labeled by Hollywood as a sophisticate and is expected to live up to it, though he doesn't in the least agree with the movie-town's conception of one. In "The Vinegar Tree," where the Warner Brothers discovered him in New York, he played a very experienced man of the world—an "older man." This gave rise to the superstition that, even in his own apartment, he must be bored and blasé and, above all, impervious to the crude and obvious charm of Hollywood's women.

When you don't yet know a handsome male newcomer very well and aren't up on his likes, dislikes and family history, it's pretty safe to ask him what he thinks of filmland's beauty brigade. It's a never-failing way of thawing out strangers from the stage—even the sophisticated-looking kind. Keeping his reputation in mind, I tried it on Mr. William.

"You'll never get me to say anything bad about girls," he smiled. "I love girls—not only Hollywood girls, but New York, Minnesota, and any other kind you can name."

His smile was a tip-off on Hollywood's big mistake in character-reading. He is a sort of discreet blend of John Barrymore, Ronald Colman and Edmund Lowe. He has the Barrymore profile, and the manner and accent of Ronnie. But he has the roving blue eye of a *Sergeant Quirt*, without the slang and cuss-words. He gets the effects without the actions.

"Besides," he continued, "I don't want to get in wrong with the 'Hollywood babes,' as a friend of mine calls them. I haven't seen much of them, but the ones I've seen are lovely."

"I'm always inclined to find excuses for everyone—probably because I need to make so many for myself. And I make them for the Hollywood girls."

He Alibis for the Girls

"THEY'RE accused of being ego-maniacs—selfish, conceited, and absorbed in themselves and their careers to the exclusion of everything else. It may be true. But I can understand it perfectly. In this business you are kept so close to the grindstone—up at six-thirty or seven, working from nine till seven at night, and often till eleven or twelve, and back at nine the next day. By the time



you've done that for a few months, you've lost the ability to look around and become interested in anything besides yourself. All your thoughts and efforts are concentrated on yourself. There's no breathing space in which to know or care about anything else.

"I should think it would be a great fight to keep from becoming an ego-maniac. Pictures in the paper. The whole world writing you fan letters. How could you help it? Some of them, who've come from nothing into sudden wealth and fame, who've had nothing before that to anchor to, are swept away by it and lose their heads. I think it the most natural thing in the world. I don't see how they could be expected to do otherwise or be otherwise."

"They're accused of having no personal feeling about men, no real emotion, but of merely collecting scalps—of boasting about who gave them this diamond bracelet or that emerald necklace, or who committed suicide for love of them. No doubt it's so. But isn't that typically feminine? All women love to be admired and desired. It's only nature. Moving picture actresses are more extreme about it. That's because they're more plentifully endowed with beauty and charm and the things that set them off. They are more attractive, and they have more admirers. And more bracelets. All women would boast about their bracelets—if they could get them."

These Girls Have Chances

"HOLLYWOOD girls are merely the glorification of the feminine—they're what all women would be if
(Continued on page 72)

Born to the Spotlight

Leila Hyams was bound to make good in the movies because she was reared in the theater. The daughter of well-known vaudeville parents brought her poise and talent to the screen—and uses them to fine advantage



LEILA HYAMS' cradle was the conventional troupers' trunk—and what is more, she slept in the tray for years afterwards. As everyone must know by this time, her mother and father are the well-known team of Hyams and McIntyre, who have made a trek over the vaudeville circuits every year since some time before Leila was born. Little Leila trekked with them each winter for fifteen years. While other tots were learning their "Mother Goose," she was lisping, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

When she outgrew the trunk-tray, they got her a little red stool, on which she sat in the wings during every performance, so her mother could cast oblique glances from the stage and see that she wasn't getting into any trouble.

Not just the life for a child? Don't you believe it!

"A stage child is self-reliant," maintains Leila, with a candid blue gaze. "I really don't think anyone could have had a better upbringing than I had. Mother was very strict with me. I learned to mind, at an early age. I was much better disciplined than the pampered child who is surrounded by governesses.

"And I escaped a lot of the silly, fantastic ideas that most children have. I never was stage-struck—I was so used to it all. Mother and Father made friends in almost every town we went to, and we were usually invited to somebody's house to dinner. I remember I used to think the children in those homes were silly. They were always crazy to go backstage, and got crushes on the actors, and they thought I was the seventh wonder of the world."

Glad She Grew Up Backstage

LEILA was given a part in the act at the age of five, so naturally she became a very glamorous figure to all the poor infants who sat on their little red stools in mere nurseries instead of in the wings.

"The life of the stage didn't make me hard, either—as most people seem to think it does. The people I knew were very wise and

worldly, it's true. But they were lovely to me, and knowing them—knowing so many grown people—didn't affect me, except to give me a tremendous poise at a very early age. I think that is one of the most valuable things a child can have to start out in life with. I know that, no matter what happened, I could never be dismayed—I would take everything calmly, and feel sure that I would find some way to meet the situation. And I'm very thankful for that ability.

"Don't get the idea that I spent my entire childhood in the theater, either. Mother and Father worked only in the winter. Every spring, we would go back to New York and go out to Long Island for the whole summer. We had a lovely home out there in the country, and all my friends were just ordinary children. In the summer I forgot all about the stage and went swimming and played and did all the things every other child does.

"When I grew older, they began to give me 'bits,' which I *hated*. I was terribly self-conscious. If I had to stand in the middle of the stage during some scene, I imagined the whole audience had its eyes fixed on me, and it was agony.

Her Suppressed Desire

BUT I was ambitious. I wanted a career for myself, and the stage seemed the most logical thing. So I kept on. Finally William Collier, who is an old friend of the folks, wrote a comedy part for me in a play called 'Going Crooked.' It failed in New York, but was a great success everywhere else. The biggest thrill I have ever known was when I got my first laugh.

"I'd rather play comedy than anything else. And though nobody will believe it, I'm a good *comédienne*. That's really the thing I have talent for.

"That's what's so sad about the parts I have in pictures. Whenever they have something sobby, they call on Hyams." Leila heaved a philosophical sigh. "I *hate* it.

Over at the studio they think I'm

(Continued on page 79)

BY HELEN VARDEN

Demand to know what complexion soaps are made of Palmolive tells you

*Read why these beauty experts—and
20,000 others—advise Palmolive*



CARSTEN of Berlin
"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition."



SEILER of Geneva
"We advise Palmolive because of its safe, soothing vegetable oil content. It provides thorough cleansing."



ECHTEN of Budapest
"Palmolive Soap is the finest natural skin cleanser known and, at the same time, a valuable emollient."



EUGENIO of Milan
"Vegetable oils — as embodied in Palmolive Soap — are your best protection against skin irritation."



MASSE of Paris
Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing."



BERTHA JACOBSON of London
"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. Use Palmolive to retain beauty."



HELEN MILNER of Cleveland
"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular. We specify Palmolive."



HEPNER of Hollywood
"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing."



ROBERT of Paris Washington, D. C.
"Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest help."

Palmolive Soap is made of olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know*.

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. That is very important in facial care. Palmolive contains no artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of*, they recommend its use. They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is made of vegetable oils — no other fats whatever. They *know* it is different — in cosmetic effect — from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps — remember — ask *first* what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"I don't mind



MARJORIE RAMBEAU. This lovely favorite of the stage, who scored in such well-remembered plays as *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, is now a popular screen star, appearing currently in *The Secret Six*. As this recent photograph shows, she is so radiantly youthful it is hard, indeed, to believe her 37!

Lux Toilet

your knowing it...

am 37" SAYS

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

*Famous Screen Star declares
years need not rob you of Youth*

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty.

They know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has irresistible appeal.

"While on the stage I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and used it for years. And now that I have the close-ups of the screen to face I certainly depend on it!"

*How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars
guard complexion beauty*

In Hollywood, where so much depends on skin of faultless beauty,

actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use Lux Toilet Soap. At home, in their own exquisitely appointed bathrooms, and on location, too. For it is official for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres everywhere! Important actresses the world over rely on this fragrant white soap for safe complexion care.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Soap—10¢

The Screen's Most Baffling Blonde—Who Is She?

(Continued from page 15)

She loves dogs and will stop to pat a dog anywhere. But has never been known even to see the owner, let alone pat him.

She remains calm and unruffled in the midst of turmoil and only gives way during a peaceful calm.

In her studio bungalow, in the midst of the mad ringing of the telephone, the blaring of the radio, dress-fittings, rehearsals, press-agents and interviewers, she maintains a calm that is magnificent to behold.

Then, suddenly in the middle of a peaceful lull, she'll let go with a bang.

"And woe to the rider and woe to the steed
Who falls in front of her mad stampede"
She means business when she's banging.

She's a Studio Diplomat

SHE and her director, Paul Stein, who has been with her on most of her pictures for Pathé, understand each other perfectly and will graciously give way to each other when they are firmly convinced the other is right. They are seldom convinced.

She has the finesse of a diplomat. For instance, during the making of one of her recent pictures, things had been going badly on the set for several days. And then it happened. Horror of horrors, the champagne bottles were delivered to the set wrapped in silver tin-foil instead of gold. That was enough. The sensitive soul of director Stein was outraged. Beautifully outraged. "That ends it," he announced. He would leave for Germany at once. Right that minute he would go. At once, understand, not a moment later. Goodbye, one and all, he was going.

The face of the bungling prop-boy was an ashen gray. The electricians were stricken dumb, and the actors, many of whom needed that work, were petrified.

It was then that she stepped forward. Linking her arm with the director's, she walked him rapidly up and down the big sound-stage, talking rapidly.

The others watched, moon-eyed.

Gradually, his frantic gesturing grew milder. The frown gave way. He smiled. The tension relaxed and the prop-boy swallowed three relieved swallows, with sound effects.

As a body, the entire cast grasped her hand in a mental hand-clasp.

Proving She's Human

THEN there was the time she was making a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A workman was walking clumsily backwards, carrying a huge ladder. Suddenly there was a resounding smack. The ladder had struck her a staggering blow on the head.

"Oh!" she cried, and turned indignantly to the offending workman. She opened her lips to speak and then caught sight of his face, his dismayed expression.

"Well," she quickly smiled, holding her throbbing head, "you can't get a holiday by knocking me out, you know. The company would go right on working anyhow."

There isn't a carpenter on that lot that wouldn't lay down his life for her.

She is impulsive by nature, but she controls that impulse. She would. She does so many things exactly right because she thinks first and acts afterwards.

She chooses her few real friends with care, will not tolerate stupidity, and is inaccessible to strangers, would-be acquaintances and hangers-on. Therefore, she is Hollywood's prize snob. Chief High-Hat.

She sends stock salesmen reeling out in a perspiring daze. She knows more about dividends and operating expenses than most investment brokers.

She has a keen mind and uses it. She expects everyone else to do the same.

She is fastidious about her clothes, but not fantastical. Her tastes are simple and quiet, but she attains a degree of smartness the like of which has never been seen in these parts. For some reason, even her dark, tailored suits fairly shriek Paris. She never wears an afternoon costume to the prize fights. Or red shoes anywhere.

What She Did for Hollywood

SHE is unconcerned about this best-dressed-woman feud of Hollywood. She introduced simplicity to an ostrich-trimmed Hollywood and helped us discover that banging sequins were not the last word, no



Here she is with nothing over her eyes—and she still is the screen's most baffling blonde. But you'll know Constance Bennett like an old friend after reading this story

matter how loudly they banged. We still miss the sequins.

She has been known to change her entire costume at the last moment because one single accessory did not blend.

She speaks French fluently. And English correctly.

Hers is one of the few pianos in town that is not wholly ornamental. She plays hers.

According to statistics, she is one of the very, very few women who ever talked a hard-boiled Orange County traffic cop out of a summons. She was burning up the California highways on her way to San Diego. Suddenly this officer appeared in that quaint way that officers have. He raged.

"I am going to meet my mother in San Diego," she explained very calmly and quietly. And can, or can you not, see those blue eyes as she talked? "The studio detained me longer than I expected. I am afraid she may be worried. I'm sorry," she finished.

She met her mother on time. And the cop is still wondering how the heck that happened. I would still have been in jail.

She wouldn't go on the legitimate stage for anything. Afraid she'd be self-conscious.

Self-Conscious, If You Know Her

SHE sees her studio previews with a cold and critical eye, but is embarrassed when viewing herself with friends. Several times she has sneaked out the side exits of theaters and waited for them outside.

Constance Bennett (had you guessed her?) has never known contentment. And doesn't want to. "I shall know that when I am actually contented, all the zest has gone out of life for me," she says. "I have learned that to be actually happy I must work and have something to strive for."

The unhappiest years of her life were the years spent in idle pleasure-seeking. That, perhaps, explains her feverish appetite for hard work.

"Why, why, why," she demands of her friends, "does no one ever realize that I met Henri de la Falaise long after he and Gloria separated? I never saw him until after they had definitely parted."

Her affairs of the heart are her own. Her press-agent, her secretary, her friends, are silent on the subject, because they simply do not know. She never discusses her attachments, if any, with anyone.

She has a clever way of meeting those visiting nuisances who, after all, must be met.

Only just before she's needed on the set does her agent present the important visitor to her. Almost instantly she's called to the set. "You'll excuse me, I'm sure," she says, and off she goes. And the callers go home satisfied to have said "goodbye," at least. With most stars they never get to the "hello."

She loathes New York and tolerates Hollywood only because her work is here. She is Constance Bennett of Paris—a possessor of ultra-smart friends abroad, and bored but tolerant, of anyone West of the Eiffel Tower.

Playing Mother

YET she is capable of kindly deeds to those who have no claim on her social calendar. For instance, a six-months-old baby was used in the picture, "Born to Love." More than half the time, Constance Bennett held the baby in her own arms to relieve the mother. Her bungalow was turned over to the mother and baby. The infant napped on Connie's couch. Its milk was heated on her stove. The shooting was arranged to suit the baby.

And oh, yes. She has a habit that worries her. She frowns, unconsciously, and it makes a line between the eyes. Everyone, from her secretary to Dora, goes about saying, "You're frowning." Connie will burst out with a pleasant smile, only to relapse almost immediately into the frown again. What to do about it, she doesn't know.

Every morning, warm or cool, sunny or cloudy, she takes a dip in the ocean before breakfast.

And every night she has a massage before she can close her eyes in sleep.

Taken separately, her features are bad. Her jaws are square, her forehead low and her nose short. But put them all together and she has one of the most fascinating, bewitching faces ever seen in pictures.

She has been places—wonderful, glamorous places.

She has done things—gay, exciting things. She knows people—famous, charming people.

She's youthful and utterly sophisticated. Like someone in a book.

And her little son adores her.

He calls her "mama."

But to you, it's "Miss Mama," remember.

What does this seal mean when it's placed on a toothpaste?

It means, Madam, that this toothpaste has been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association



MADAM, this seal is the most authoritative answer to the question "what toothpaste should I use?" It is placed only on toothpastes that have been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, chosen for their outstanding ability in various

branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of a product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

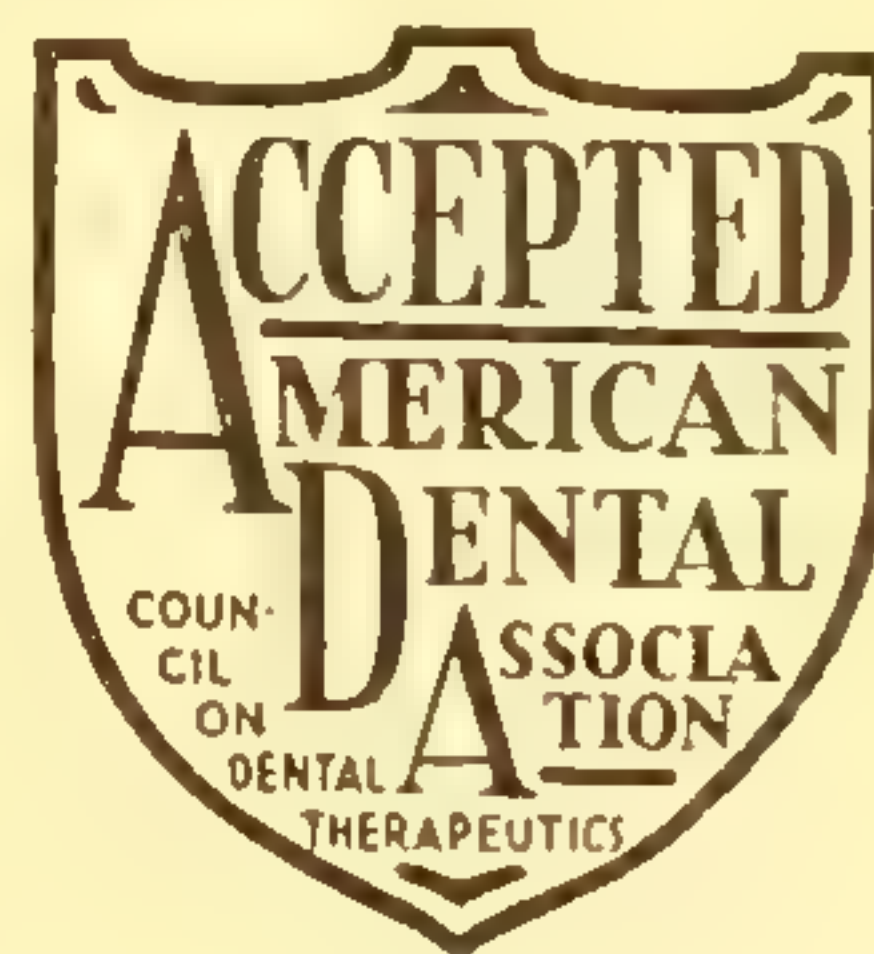
Be guided by this seal

The seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. Therefore, look for it, when you buy a toothpaste. It is your most authoritative guide.

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Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth *healthfully* and *completely* clean.

Crawford—Shearer—Garbo Are Now Three Of A Kind

(Continued from page 23)

straight!" we demanded, irritably. "Are you going to give us some more swell performances, like 'Paid'? Or are you going to go back to representing the more deplorable aspects of modern civilization? Huh?"

Joan (we regret to report) made a face at us. She was all done up in astonishing black velvet pajamas with no back to them, designed, certainly, for one of those seduction scenes.

"You're asking *me*?" she said, crushingly.

She ran a comb viciously through her newly-blonde curls, piled upon the back of her head in an entirely new coiffure—a sort of sunburst effect.

"Look at my hair!" she commanded, just as though we weren't already doing it, and wide-eyed, too. "I thought it up myself. I had to do *something*. First, people said I was trying to imitate Garbo—so I changed it. Then they said I was trying to imitate Norma Shearer. I don't know what they'll say now—but I'm sure no one ever did her hair like *this*, before!"

A light began to dawn upon us. Garbo. Shearer. Emotional actresses, doing much the same sort of thing—on the same lot. And now Joan. They are alike, the three of them! Amazingly alike, when you come to think of it. Joan may be less mysteriously seductive than Garbo. Less coolly poised and sophisticated than Shearer. More flaming and impetuous than either of them. But she is enough like them to be a younger sister! And to have her turn out to be an emotional actress, suited to the same type of rôles—well, imagine Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's problem!

The Youngster Grows Up And—Bang!

THERE are only so many good stories of that kind available at any one time. There is only a certain section of the public, itself, sufficiently addicted to that type of story and actress to make them profitable. The studio must feel like the ambitious mother of two lovely and marriageable daughters who suddenly discovers that the third child—the baby—has sprouted overnight into just as beautiful and marriageable a creature—demanding clothes and parties to give her, too, her chance in life.

Apparently that is exactly the way the studio feels.

"They still treat me like a baby!" Joan said, rebelliously. "When I talk about doing dramatic parts, they pat me on the head and say, 'Run along! There's plenty of time for you. Why, you're just a *child*!'"

"Of course, I know I have a long way to go. I know I have a lot to learn. But I did think I showed that I could do something—at least, that I had promise—in 'Paid,' didn't you?"

"I'm not," she went on, with lifted chin, "imitating anybody! No one ever got anywhere by being an imitation—even a good imitation. There's not room for *two* of anything worth while. Not two Chaplins or two Marie Dresslers, or two of any other individual. If you're not something unique, something special, then you aren't anything."

"But I'll tell you this! In spite of everything, I'm going to be *the best in my line*—some day!"

"Dramatic actress?" we ventured. "Yes!"

They Wanted Her—And Proved It

WE pondered this awhile. Garbo's contract still has months to run. No doubt about her. Her stories are probably all scheduled ahead right now. And Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg, who's high in studio councils—which should be an advantage. It was while she was away that Joan made "Paid"—and when Norma came back, she got "Strangers May Kiss" and Joan, apparently, got whatever was left lying around the offices—as is the way of younger sisters.

M-G-M apparently has not the slightest notion of losing Joan. She has just signed a new contract that ties her up, we understand, for *seven years*. And at a neat increase in salary. You might think it odd that Joan would sign up again if she felt that she was not being given the opportunities she deserved (and I have never yet met a player who felt that his opportunities were suited to his abilities)—especially since it is understood that several other companies were anxious to make her offers. But there are lots of things about contracts. . . .

Joan's old one still has two years to run. The company was willing to scrap it and give her much more money at once than it called for, if she would sign with them for five more years—the five to begin at the termination of the two. Thus the company would be assured of profiting from her after exploiting her.

Still In The Spotlight, But—

IF she did *not* re-sign with them, she still had two years to go, anyhow, at the old salary. And the company could, if it chose, deliberately put her in lesser rôles, dim the spotlight.

There was a time when Garbo, facing a similar situation, was brought to terms by the possibility of being cast as a maid in an Aileen Pringle-Lew Cody picture.

But the question is, now that they have her all neatly sewed up, what are they going to do with her? The studio says that it plans to alternate her stories—a "jazzy" picture and then a serious one.

Are there enough good, serious rôles to go around, we wonder? After Garbo and Shearer are provided for, what will be left for Joan? She can do the other sort of thing—the dancing daughters—for a while yet. And won't the tendency be to cram her back into those parts, if only for variety?

It will be too bad if M-G-M doesn't develop Joan as an emotional actress. We have few enough of them who can contribute much to the screen. Strange that one lot should be positively congested with the type!

Already there are storm signals ahead. Already Joan has been heard to say, "I won't!" in no uncertain terms to stories suggested for her. Her potentialities are unquestioned. Her determination and ambition are terrific. But the obstacles look pretty big to us. . . .

Wonder what really is going to happen to Joan?

Did You Know That--

Anna Q. Nilsson, fully recovered from her long, serious injury, is back in town and ready to star again?

Alice White comes back in Tiffany's "The Monster Kills"?

your horoscope

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In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

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Write for Chef's
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44A

The summer sun in one day can coarsen your skin...for months



IRENE DUNNE'S *Hollywood dermatologist gives important interview on summer skin care*

Interview by JANET PARKER
Authoress of "The Index to Loveliness"

Hollywood likes to play in the sun. Now while sunshine's ultra-violet rays are healthful, they can coarsen and wither the skin—dry out its natural oils.

I interviewed Irene Dunne, star of *Cimarron*, at Malibu Beach. And her dermatologist at his Hollywood office. Here's the partial text of our talk:

Q: Doctor, how can women achieve a fashionable tan without coarsening their skin?

A: Dermatology and common sense both answer that question, young lady. Strong sunshine can dry out the natural oils that lubricate the skin. The result is a harsh, dry skin, coarse in texture and threatened with permanent wrinkles.

Q: How can that be remedied?

A: Well, you know the old saying about "an ounce of prevention." The best thing is to apply Facial Cream generously to the face to prevent weathering and darkening. Do this before exposing yourself to the sun. Cover the rest of the exposed skin surface with Cold Cream, all over the body, to prevent soreness and redness. And then after you come in from the beach, use Cold Cream on the face to overcome any drawn feeling and to restore moisture and suppleness to the dry skin.

Q: Miss Dunne tells me that she uses Woodbury's Creams. May I ask if you prescribed them?

A: Yes. To Miss Dunne and all of my patients. They could be my own prescriptions, so faithfully do they follow dermatological standards. I recognize that Woodbury preparations are the careful prescriptions of a scientific laboratory.

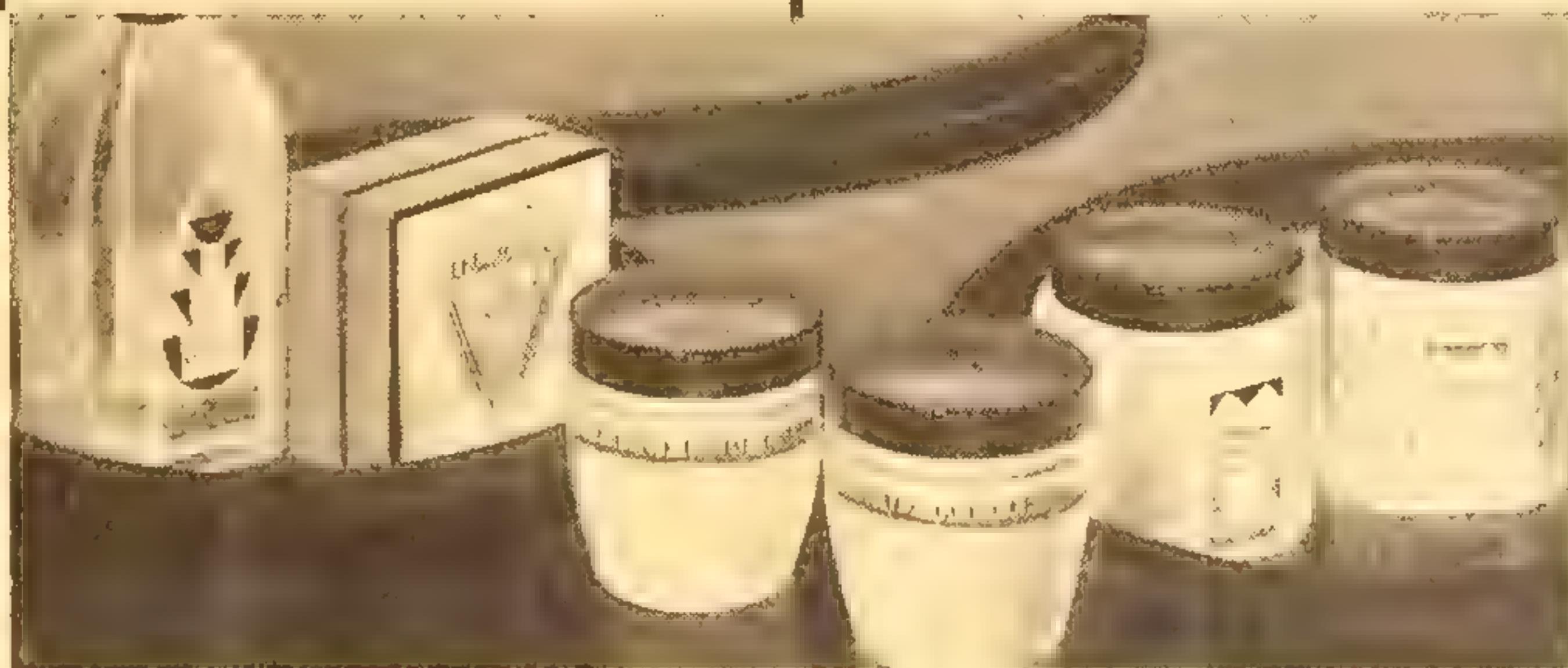
Woodbury's COLD CREAM
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TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

DURING DAY: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

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Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base) — the creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists are at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

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John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6309 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐
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Sensible way to lose

FAT



Woman Loses 15½ pounds in 2 Weeks!

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast provides a **GUARANTEED** safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic."


Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 **SEPARATE** minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

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Would you BELIEVE it?

3 to 4 inches reduction IMMEDIATELY!



AND so good looking. DR. WALTER's latest **REDUCING BRASSIERE** is so dainty that women often wear it over the loveliest underthings. It reduces most quickly when worn next to the skin—gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. Send your bust measurement. —and **IMAGINE**—it costs

ONLY \$2.25



TO OBTAIN slender ankles and calves try DR. WALTER's special extra strong flesh-colored rubber ankle bands. They will support and shape the ankles while reducing them. Can be worn under the hose and fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measure. **\$3.75** per pair

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What he thinks of Lablache★ Face Powder. Then try a box of your favorite shade. You will love its delicacy; its clinging-ness; its perfume.

Send for sample to Ben Levy Co.
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

GARFIELD HEADACHE POWDERS

A Dr. Densmore Prescription
Sample sent upon request to
GARFIELD TEA CO. 41st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anonymously Yours

(Continued from page 26)

The lady's maid informed the press boys that *she* didn't know when they planned to go through with the ceremony. She added that they didn't want the papers to know anything about it—but hinted that it would take place in about two weeks. That put the boys off their guard. The next morning the couple sailed for Honolulu, smiling broadly. The reporters felt cheated and maybe you did, too.

And the reporters can't get revenge by denying them publicity—because both insist they don't want any. Believe it or not.

* * *

NOTE on credulity: mother of an athletic star recently sat beside him watching his latest release, a Wild West picture in which he jumped from cars to trains, rode horses over the edges of cliffs, and carried on as the pioneers are supposed to have done in frontier days. She knew that her son hadn't been hurt during the filming of the picture—except for a cut finger for which they called the studio ambulance. She knew, too, that doubles were used in all the dangerous scenes. But as she watched the lurid story unfold, she grasped his arm and whispered tensely, "Oh, Jack—does it come out all right? Do you get hurt?"

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S reputation as a gay place for parties is not due so much to the way the film people conduct themselves as to the visiting firemen. They descend on the town with letters of introduction and full pocketbooks and start looking for iniquity; if they don't find it, they create a little.

A young man from New York decided he had stayed long enough. His money was running low and he had a date in San Francisco. With bags piled high in the back of his car, he set out one afternoon to say goodbye to the seven actors and actresses who had been nicest to him.

At the first house he had a cocktail, then another, then decided he had better stay for dinner. The next morning he woke up, still in Hollywood, at the house of his first

call. This he repeated the second day, when he went to say goodbye to other friends. One week later he got as far as Santa Monica, a beach resort a few miles from Hollywood on the way to 'Frisco. More friends there. Two weeks later he reached Malibu, further down the coast. His hostess, waiting for him in San Francisco, heard about his staying proclivities and became frightened. She closed up her house, sent him a telegram not to come, and went to Europe.

* * *

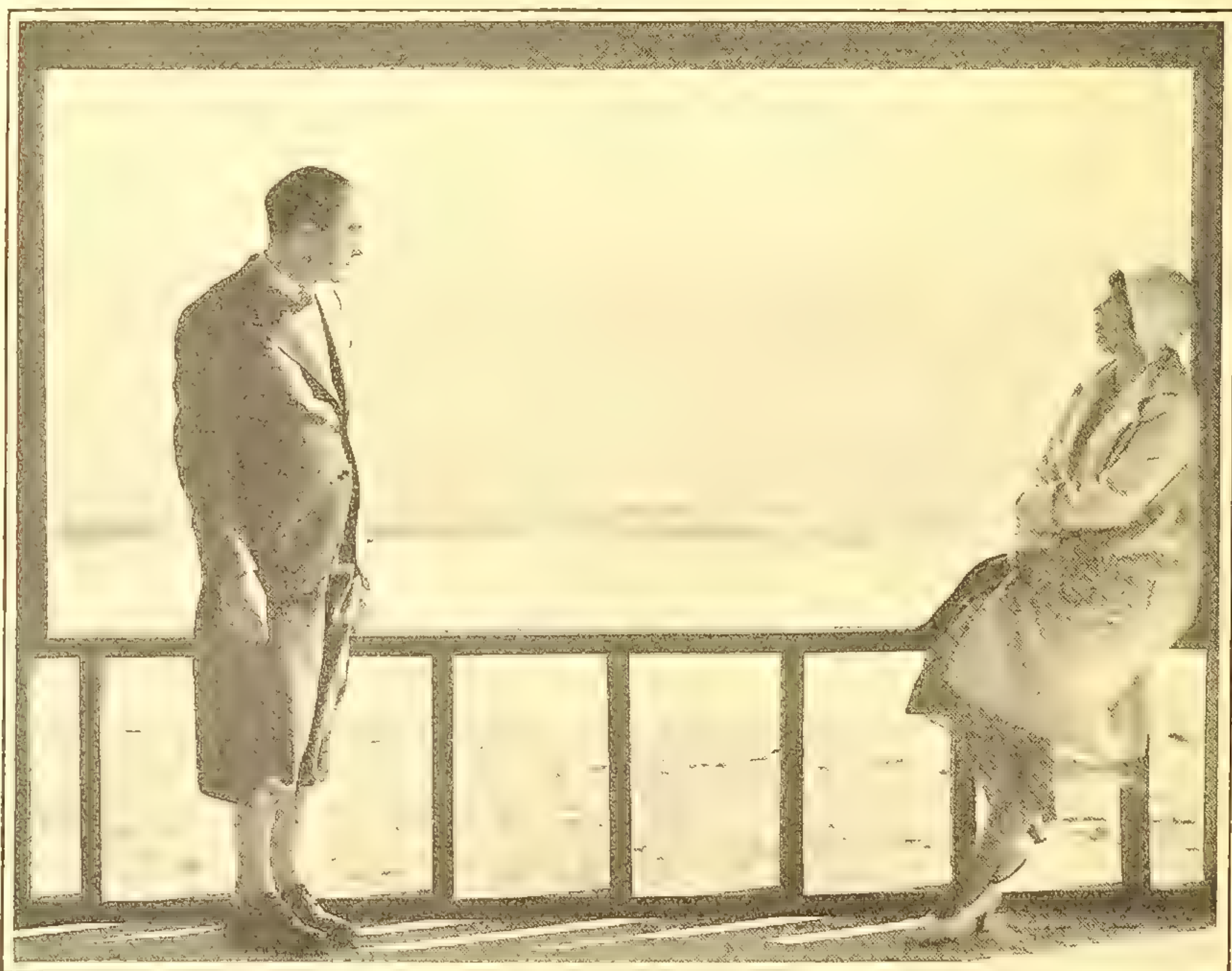
THE couple usually pointed out as Hollywood's most happily married pair have been having trouble, and although both deny it, and although they have gone to Europe together, there seems to be firm foundation for the story.

A titled lady who visits the film colony every so often is supposed to have been the cause. She went around with the husband while the wife stayed home. Now that the couple has gone abroad, the titled lady has taken up with the recently divorced husband of a formerly famous film star. What *her* husband—the titled lady's—thinks of all this no one seems to know.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S grand old lady, a swell comic, has social aspirations. Although she plays drunken old landladies on the screen, she plays nothing but bridge in real life. People meet her expecting to hear a bit of the glorious humor that thrills them in her pictures, and they find a talkative soul who tells of her triumphs with royalty, or Lady So-and-So whom she has asked to dinner.

A charming young Australian girl visited Hollywood last month and went about with an Englishman—a baronet. While the titled gentleman was here, the grand old lady asked the girl to her parties, sponsored her in Hollywood, promised to introduce her to important executives and to get her in the movies. Then the baronet sailed for England. The girl called up her sponsor shortly afterward and the butler announced, "Not at home."



The frame of this picture of Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis, is the framework of their new house now in construction. It replaces the one destroyed by fire at Malibu.

Tipping You Off

(Continued from page 10)

She has one more picture to go on her present contract, after which she wants to return to the stage for a year. . . . The gilded Lily has received handsome offers from stage producers in both New York and Paris.

Clara Bow is another recipient of big stage offers, but so far she has turned all of them down—which makes it look as if she doesn't intend to capitalize on all that newspaper publicity. She's still at Rex Bell's ranch—except for occasional visits back to town to see her dentist—and looks the healthiest she has in years. (P. S.—The telephone wires have been cut, and no visitors are allowed.)

The rumor persists that Buddy Rogers also is going to leave the screen-o. A broadcasting company wants him for a band leader (looking forward to having a good-looking *maestro* on hand when television comes around the corner); he has offers from Broadway producers, and a big offer from a New York hotel. Friends claim that Buddy is seriously considering giving film fans—and Hollywood—a chance to miss him.

After long holding back two musicals—"Children of Dreams" and "Men of the Sky"—Warners are now releasing them. The reason? Screen music is coming back. Every studio is planning to inject songs into several pictures. Rudy Vallée (now married, girls, *married*) will be back here yet!

As you must know, there is a strict new rule that no one may enter a Hollywood studio without an official pass. Even executives and stars have to carry them. Countless stories are now going the rounds about Higher-Ups who have forgotten their permits and have temporarily been kept out of their own studios. The best one concerns Will (Czar of the Movies) Hays. He had a big appointment at a certain studio, but arrived without a pass. He was kept waiting and kept waiting while flunkies made sure that he was Will Hays and made equally sure that it was all right to let him in. The best part of the story is that the pass order is rumored to have emanated from the Hays office.

Bela (*Dracula*) Lugosi has filed his first citizenship papers—so it looks as if he is all set for a long stay. He says he was born in Hungary, but he isn't sure where his native town is now. Maybe it's in Rumania. After the war, Queen Marie's country swallowed part of Hungary.

Remember that scene in a recent Navy picture where the Admiral was pushed overboard by two gobs? You'll be seeing nothing more like that. The Navy Department has registered forceful and violent objections with the producers against any recurrence of such indignities to the dignity of Admirals.

After three years Molly O'Day is all set for a comeback in "Sob Sister," probably in the rôle of a gun moll. She has thinned down considerably. (Her weight, you remember, was the cause of her vanishing.) Her sister, Sally O'Neil, has just staged a comeback on the Fox lot also—in the title rôle of "The Brat."



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Kotex protects safely . . . it is adjustable, and shaped to fit.

THE great value of Kotex . . . to women with high standards . . . is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean . . . by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

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The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

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Sanitary Napkins

Do Movies and Renunciations Mix?

(Continued from)

We all thought they were ideally happy, if you understand me. They had a big house with a separate guest section on Los Feliz Boulevard, a half-dozen cars and a butler and what-not. And then Jack:

"I'm crazy about Estelle, but I want a home and she wants the public life, and I'm not going to forego family life and restrict her. We just don't agree, that's all."

No Children, No Jack

WHEREUPON Estelle countered that she had done every last thing Jack wanted—except—except—"well, I think two's enough in a family!" Which explains that, don't you think? So the romance has blown up as high as Mr. Gilroy's kite.

For years the classic example of renunciation was Mae Marsh—winsome, appealing *Little Sister* in "The Birth of a Nation"—who met Lee Arms, New York newspaperman, surrendered to his arguments, married him, forswore the screen, mothered three children, managed her Flintridge home, and did some sculpture. But after thirteen years, she has just made another picture. Reason? She says it's because she had had a lot of trouble trying to convince her eldest daughter that she ever did or could act for the screen and must prove it to keep peace in the family.

One of Paramount's most profitable stars was its dignified and graceful Florence Vidor. Talkies came along and Paramount became exuberant about its plans for Florence. But one of the world's greatest violinists was also making plans, and evidently his were much more attractive than

Mr. Zukor's, for Florence ~~shamefully~~ pushed the contracts aside, packed up her belongings, married Jascha Heifetz and—remembering the failure of her marriage with King Vidor—forsook the screen forever. Beverly Hills and Hollywood know her no more, but a gorgeous apartment on upper Park Avenue in New York occupies her attention, when she isn't abroad, keeping Jascha company on his concert tours. She says the screen must yield to the most fascinating man she ever knew.

So Ina Stepped Out

THE whirlwind romance of Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert swept Hollywood off its feet two years ago. Pathé had brought the talented and fascinating Ina out to do a group of pictures. She met Jack at a party, and at another and another. Six weeks later they were married and she went to live in Jack's hilltop home. Then Ina's pictures—well, they weren't box-office, you know, and Pathé bought up her contract. She had moved into a house of her own just before—to have freer artistic expression, you understand—and then she had to make a decision. Should she remain in Hollywood and be Mrs. Gilbert, and gradually sink into professional obscurity, or go back on the stage and be Ina Claire?

She clicked in "Rebound" on the Los Angeles stage, scored a tremendous hit in the Paramount picture, "The Royal Family" (made in the East), was signed to a new movie contract by Sam Goldwyn, came back to Hollywood, and announced her separation from husband Jack. She said it.

The home couldn't hold two stars.

Right at the top of her screen career Dolores Costello married Jack Barrymore, and for three years the pictures have been minus her charm and beauty. But she has something to show for her "retirement"—a small daughter to carry on the family tradition. She'll tell you her family life is much more attractive and important than the screen, but—oh, well, perhaps an occasional picture. Her principal career is being Mrs. Barrymore. That was a real renunciation.

Mildred Davis Lloyd merely looks at you with amused tolerance when you mention the screen and the possibility of her return to it. Wouldn't it be odd—and boring? is the idea you get. She has found a life that is so much fuller and of greater scope that you couldn't induce her to stop being Mrs. Harold Lloyd and caring for her family of three children for all the screens in Hollywood. No, thank you!

Connie Kept Her Word

WE all remember—how time does fly, doesn't it?—when little Connie Talmadge up and said that now and forthwith she was kissing the movies goodbye, and for all of her they could do this and that, for she was going to marry a Chicago department store, and become Mrs. Townsend Netcher. This was her third try at marriage, and this time it *took*, and pictures were out.

"Don't make me laugh," she says when you talk movies to her. "I'm married to a man, not a job."

"I never was crazy about picture work,"

AFTER
YOUR EVERY
SMOKE....

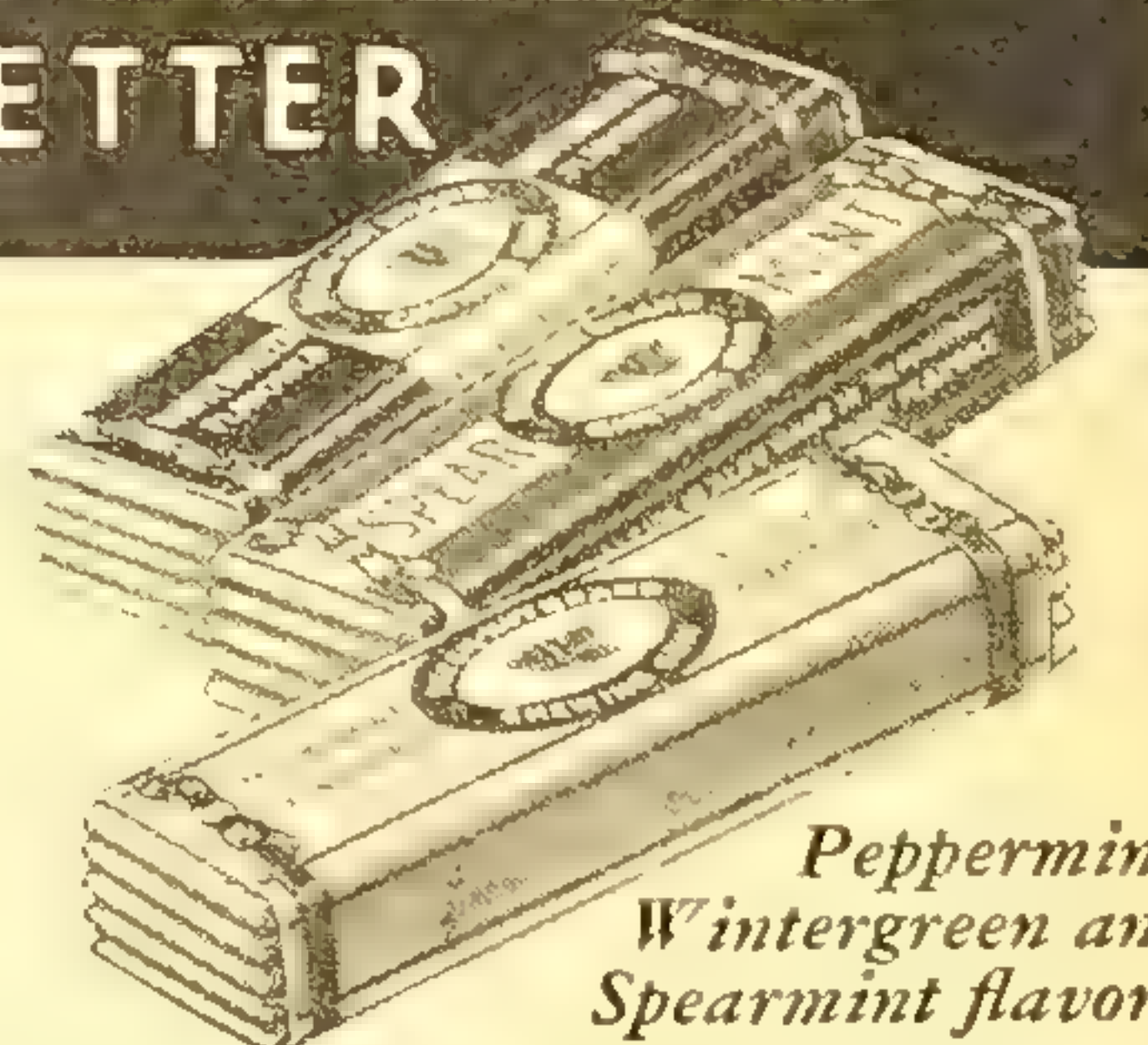


Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke—make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day—each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Company—Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints



Peppermint,
Wintergreen and
Spearmint flavors.

says Dorothy Dwan, the beauty who played leads for Ken Maynard and Tom Mix and had executives wondering how far she'd go. "Pictures offered a good chance to a girl who had no business training, and I took it." Then she met Paul N. Boggs, Jr., married him and promptly set about making the one thing she wanted—a real home. "The screen? No, thank you," says Dorothy, "marriage means a home, and a home means everything." In this particular home the architect has provided a nursery.

"Joby" Ralston looked the picture situation fairly in the face, balanced a photo of her husband, Dick Arlen, against proposals for two contracts, 'phoned that she didn't want to sign them, sighed and put all her screen ambitions away with her other souvenirs. Dick and her home tipped the scale against them.

"No can do," she says, shaking her gay head. "Not and have a happy, comfortable home and a husband. One of us working is plenty and Dick can be it. I'm out, for keeps."

Divorce Was The Cure

REMEMBER little Ella Hall? She saw that marriage and pictures could not mix. So she divorced Emory Johnson, the director, because his picture work interfered with her home work, left the screen herself soon after and went into commercial life to take care of her babies. "Two in a family can't be picture folk and stay married, and sometimes one can't, either. So I'm in neither pictures nor marriage."

And some of the others: Helene Costello married Lowell Sherman and looks at screen work as if it were something queer that had drifted in from the street. Viola Dana, hoyden madcap, who used to be the Spirit of Hollywood, finds a chap she's crazy about and is living happily ever after on a Colorado ranch. Pooh! This is the life! And her sister, Shirley Mason, has forsaken the studios for wifehood and motherhood. Marilyn Miller decided that "two might be married, but only one can do screen work." So Jack Pickford was gently dropped in the discard bin and has acquired another partner, and Marilyn shakes her head. She may, of course, be married again, but not while she's actively acting.

And so it goes. As someone said not long ago: A man is entranced with a beauty of the stage or screen because she is bright and vivacious, marries her for the same reason, and then begins to try to change her into the likeness of his Southern grandmother. If he's professional himself, often their interests clash; or if the girl is wise, like Phyllis Haver, she makes up her mind at the beginning to be either one or the other—not both actress and wife.

Yes, I know there's the classic example we all quote, but even after ten years the conclusion to that romance isn't written. Wait and see if Gossip is to be justified of her rumors.

Did You Know That—

Mae Clarke is engaged to Henry Freulich, cameraman?

Grace Moore, newly married to Vincente Parara, wealthy Spaniard, says she won't retire?

Nancy Carroll, newly wed to Bolton Mallory, Editor of *Life*, doesn't say?

Pola Negri signs her checks with a brush?



Their SECOND Honeymoon

by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"JIM and Ada had been married ten years. They felt romance and glamour fading.

"And then, Miss Fairfax," writes Ada, 'I set my wits to work. I wanted Jim to think of me as his sweetheart, not just as busy housewife and mother.

"What I did was to buy myself a second trousseau! Not expensive things, but lovely colorful frocks and lingerie that gave me a feeling of being charming and so feminine.

"Jim almost at once sensed the change in me. And now we're having a second honeymoon that I am going to make last all our married days!"

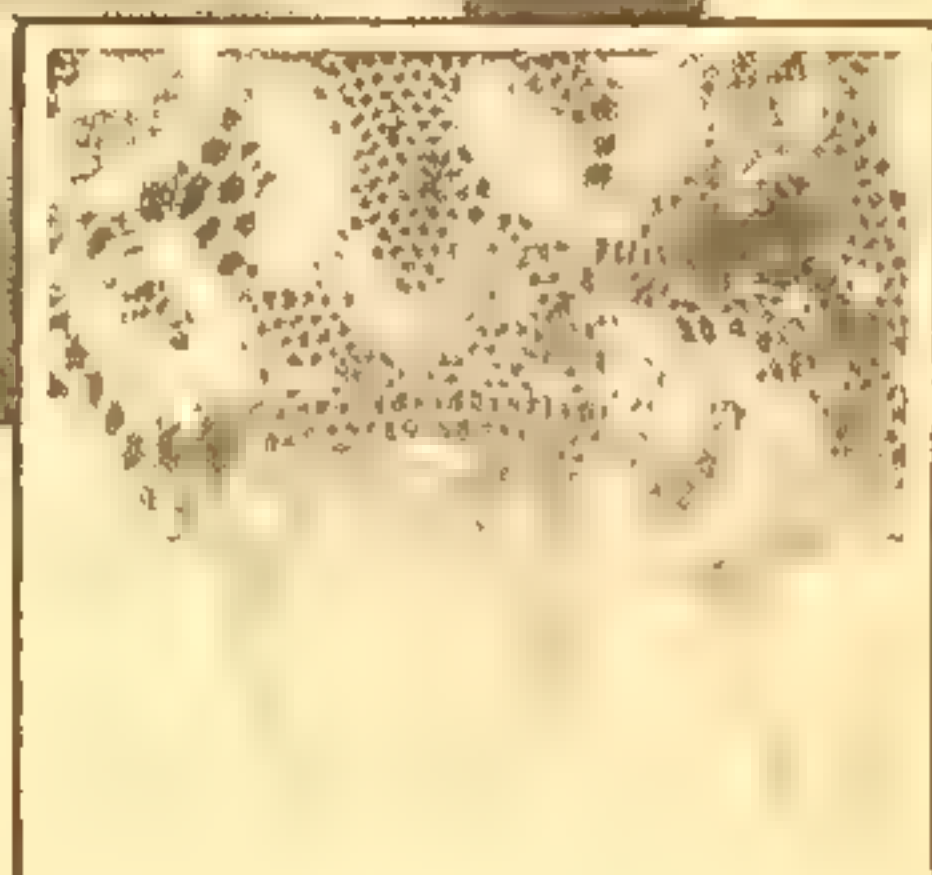
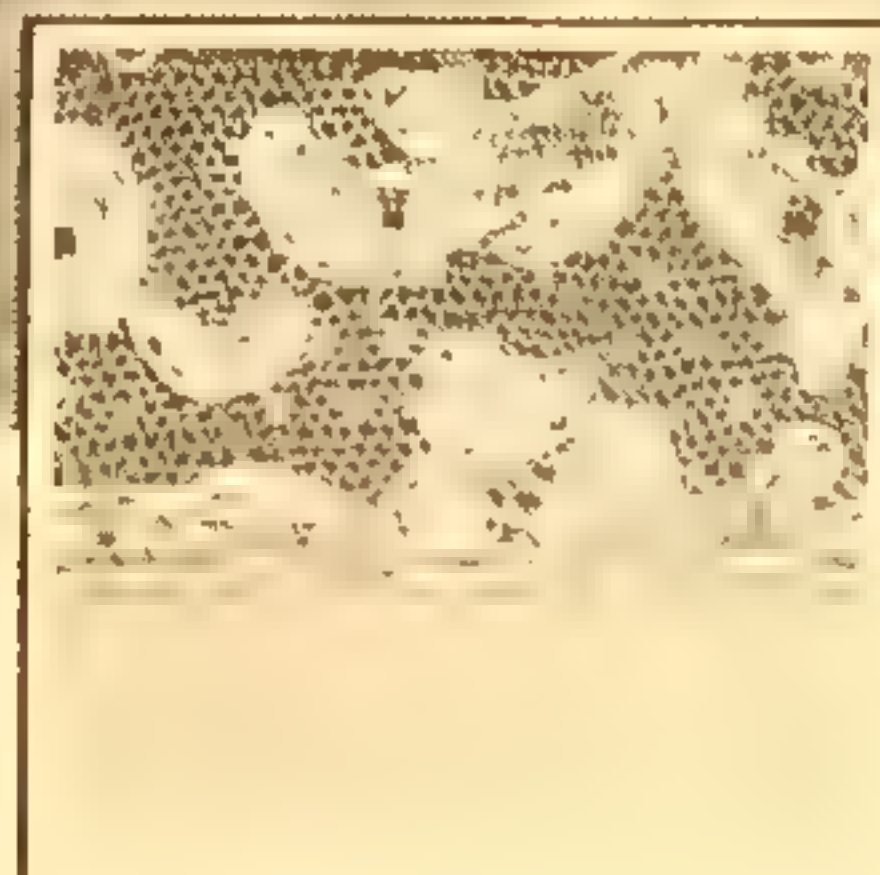
"Wise wife! How easy to keep honeymoon happiness all through marriage, if every wife would do two simple things:

1. Buy colorful, dainty frocks and lingerie.
2. Keep them color-fresh and charming always.

"Don't believe you can't afford such 'frivolous' clothes. For with Lux, that wonderful product you all know, they can be kept charming and new so long every woman can afford them.

"Lux is especially made to preserve colors and the life of delicate fabrics. Their charm, too, so that as long as you wear them, they lend their charm to you.

"And in your home: Keep your home fresh and pretty, too, for this adds to your charm. Linens, colorful curtains, sofa cushions—always look lovely if you use Lux." BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Lingerie LUXed 12 times — satin and lace fibres intact, the color charming as new. Utterly exquisite!

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Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c, at your dealers', or send for free sample.

(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

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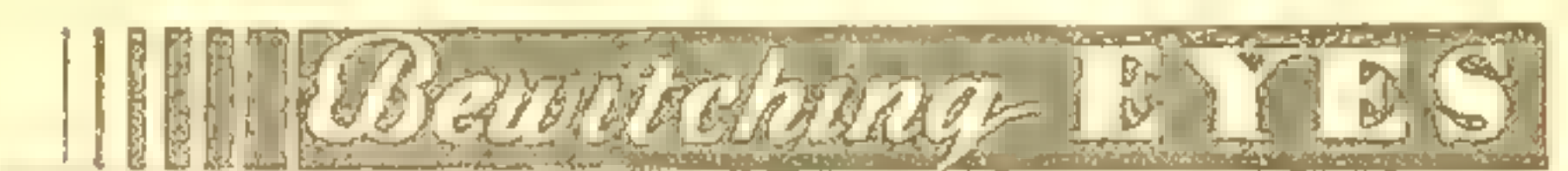
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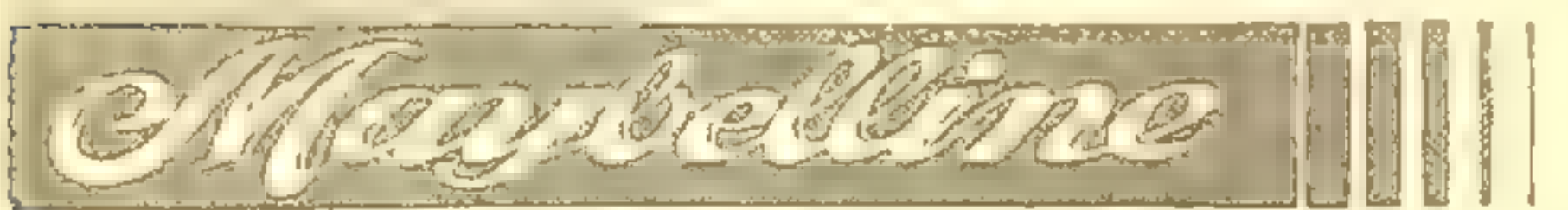
Color of my hair _____



Good and Good for You.



Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe, making them appear longer. Harmless and easy to use. A touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids will add depth, beauty and "expression." Form the brows with the clean, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—then you will have re-made your eyes into soulful pools of loveliness. Insist upon the genuine—preferred by millions for over fifteen years.



CORNS—SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

A New Favorite With The Women

(Continued from page 59)

they didn't find it necessary to disguise their emotions and their harmless vanities. Actresses have no economic necessity for pretending, or for trying to please anyone but themselves. They don't depend on the support of some husband who must be kept contented and flattered. A great many women who seem to be more unselfish, more admiring and respectful to the male, are often that way only because it's provident to be so.

"No, it's probably very naïve of me, but I think the Hollywood girls are marvelous. I'm all for them."

Not Born Sophisticated

THE rôle of worldling and commentator on women is a comparatively recent one for Warren. Once he was a most unsophisticated boy in Aiken, Minnesota, just out of high school and faced with the burdensome problem of what to make of his life. He rather wanted to be some kind of engineer, but he couldn't do his arithmetic, so that made it impossible. Neither was he quite fitted to take up journalism, like his father. In this dilemma his sister, for no good reason, suggested that he be an actor. Maybe she was being sarcastic.

"At any rate," said Warren, "the family took it seriously and packed me off to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. I guess they were delighted to get me off their hands and didn't much care how it turned out. I probably wasn't a very hopeful-looking boy."

Just as he finished learning how to be an actor, America went into the war, so the next two years were spent in a New Mexico training camp and in France. His first chance to ply his newly-acquired trade—or should I say art?—was just after the armistice was signed, when he joined a stock company of soldiers, and in the rôle of *Stephen Denby* in "Under Cover," toured the south of France. This freed him from military duty, provided him with a comfortable bed to sleep in, a little money, and a lot of fun. It was much more fun than the first frugal years after his return to the United States, when he went through the usual weary struggles of a young actor trying to get up in the world.

The Progress He Has Made

"MY first New York job was in 'Mrs. Jimmie Thompson,' in which I played a pickle-salesman.

"Then I went into a dreadful little stock company in Brooklyn. I nearly went crazy learning so many parts, and I never could remember my lines. I had them letter-perfect when I mumbled them going to and from the theater, but once on the stage, I blew up. We had a Christmas party on the stage, and the company presented me with a tin airplane labeled, 'Not to be used on the stage.' That's how bad I was."

But the years wore on, and his memory improved, and play followed play, all leading up to "The Vinegar Tree" and the Warner Brothers. In eight years he had made the transition from pickle-salesman to sophisticate, and now you may see him being the suave gentleman on the screen in "Expensive Women" and "The Honor of the Family." However, don't let his rôles lead you astray.

He will answer to the charge of worldly-wisdom only if he is allowed to give his own definition.

"A sophisticate," he will tell you, "is a person who has freed himself from all the nonsense he was taught as a child—and, through experience and intelligence, has learned to see things as they really are. This does not imply that he is bored or blasé.

"I was taught the most frightful lot of nonsense as a child. I have had a great deal to unlearn. The children to-day don't have that disadvantage. They're sophisticated from the moment they're born. All they have to acquire is a little experience and judgment. And they acquire those sooner than my generation ever did. Sophistication comes with age, it's true, but a great deal of experience creates a synthetic aging, which has the same effect."

So remember that at heart Warren William is not so bored and blasé as enthusiastic and expectant, with the challenging blue eye of a *Sergeant Quirt*. You can easily believe that he likes girls, in any town. And Hollywood girls will like Warren, not only because he defends them and thinks them lovely, but—well, just because.

Did You Know That--

Radio-crooners Rudy Vallee and Morton Downey may have been no movie actors, but they both found their wives here? Rudy captured Fay Webb and Morton, Barbara Bennett.

Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro are likely to be teamed together in "Mata Hari"? There's news for you!

Claudette Colbert and Tallulah Bankhead are the only Paramount stars making their pictures in the East? (It seems they prefer New York.)

Claudette's long stay in the East may be responsible for the rumor that she and Norman Foster are cooling?

James Dunn, Fox's new sensation, once sold portable lunch-wagons?

Mrs. Sidney Landfield—Shirley Mason to you—may be a brand-new mother, but she plans a screen comeback just the same?

Few people knew Ginger Rogers was married until she divorced Jack Pepper, Texas showman?

Ina Claire walked out of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," saying her part was too small for her?

Dolores Del Rio Isn't Beaten Yet

(Continued from page 25)

nearer and nearer over you. She lost her fear of Death.

She lost her contract. She faced the possibility of Being Through. Great changes had come about. There might not be a place for her if ever she could take a place again. She also lost her fear of that. And she learned to be kinder, more tolerant in her judgments, more aware of sickness and suffering in the world.

Dolores has come to love Hollywood. She wouldn't live anywhere else in the world for anything in the world. Nowhere else, she says, can you find the drama and the people you can find here, or come to know them as you know them here.

Dolores and Cedric have three homes. The one in Hollywood that was Dolores' before she married. The one in Santa Monica, designed and furnished by Cedric, himself. The accompanying photograph pictures this extraordinary dwelling much more satisfactorily than any words could. This is the house that Cedric built for Dolores while she was ill. And on her very first outing, when she still was wrapped in blankets, and too weak to walk, he carried her into it, from room to room, on a tour of inspection. This is where Dolores wants to make her home when she can dispose of the other house and is through with her first picture. The third place is at Malibu.

Dolores is young and very wise. She gives herself three more years. If she succeeds in coming back at all, she should be good for that length of time. She might, she says, drag out one other year, waning as she goes. Then she plans to have a year on the stage and then, still young enough, she wants to have a child. "So that I shall not make a fool of myself when I reach the end of the movie rope."

She looks healthy. She looks happy. Even more than before, her hair is pulled back tightly from her forehead, giving undeniable proof of her undeniable beauty. Her dark eyes are alight and her mind sparkles. She is the most enthusiastic, most ambitious woman in Hollywood to-day.

Clara Will Come Back—A Bigger Star Than Ever

(Continued from page 22)

tures three other film companies were eager to snatch her as soon as Paramount let her go. They knew—what all Hollywood knows—that Clara Bow may still be one of the biggest actresses of her day.

She says that she may marry Rex next year. Rex admits that they are thinking about it. But Clara Bow will not settle down yet awhile. She is a born actress. When Ben Schulberg first saw her, dressed in pitifully cheap finery, he was appalled to think that he had signed her, sight unseen, to a contract on advice of a business associate.

"Wait!" the agent who had brought Clara to Hollywood said, "wait 'til you have seen her before a camera."

Without the slightest hope, Schulberg took her to a stage and put her in front of a camera. "Cry, Clara!" he said, sharply. Instantly the tears poured from those enormous eyes that had been shining with mischief a moment before, and her child face was contorted with an agony of grief. Schulberg turned to the associate who had discovered Clara Bow. "You are right," he said.

Yes, Clara Bow will come back. And Hollywood will not turn a cold shoulder to her this time.



Use Kleenex instead

No laundering—no self-infection. Use Kleenex once and destroy

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

Germs are destroyed

This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

The health importance of Kleenex during colds cannot be over-emphasized. Schools, doctors, endorse it. Kleenex is much safer for children than a handkerchief, to be carried all day long. Teach them to use Kleenex and destroy at once.

Many household uses

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue that has a score of daily uses.

Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex. Its unique absor-

bency assures removal of every trace of cream and dirt.

Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile. Use Kleenex for wiping spectacles; for dusting; for polishing.

Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a modern, convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.

HAY FEVER VICTIMS . . .



You'll appreciate the softness and absorbency of Kleenex. If you have hay fever . . . if you know one who suffers . . . invest in a package of Kleenex at once. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort of these gentle, dry, absorbent tissues. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day. (And remember, Kleenex costs less than laundering.)

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

"You'll have to wait your turn," replied Jackie, severely. "I've got more girl-friends now than I know what to do with."

THE best gag of the month: "Hollywood is just an optional illusion."

AFTER all the fuss made by studios about movie-struck girls and boys storming the gates of Hollywood, stories of overnight success do persist. So long as *Cinderella* stories actually happen, the movie village will have the best-looking waitresses and gas station boys in captivity.

Now it is Adrienne Ames who walks right into a contract without knowing the difference between kleig-eyes and a supervisor. The little girl was photographed by Ruth Harriet Louise and a Paramount official saw the portraits. In less time than it takes Jack Oakie to make a wisecrack, she had a contract. You'll see her in "The Road to Reno," and later in "The Dover Road." She looks a bit like Loretta Young and a lot like Joan Crawford. That's a pretty potent combination.

She is married to a millionaire New York broker, and already has a Beverly Hills mansion, a town car and a flock of servants.

P. S.—Gloria Swanson, please come home. You'll have to get a bigger house and a bigger car.

MOTHER-IN-LAW jokes do not click with Roland Young. If he yawns when you tell one, there's a reason. His mother-in-law happens to be the charming and brilliant Clare Kummer, the author of "Good Gracious, Annabelle" and "Rollo's Wild Oat." Young made two of his greatest stage successes in those plays.

QUITE a group of Hollywood yachtsmen (and what's the feminine of that?) have just about adopted the waters off Catalina Island as a permanent address. Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have been there most of the summer. Jobyna has actually lived on the boat for two months, and when she does come ashore, she walks like one of Uncle Sam's sailors. Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett are there all the time, and Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli spend a lot of time on their boat. Marjorie White has a new yacht, and the Barrymore sea-going hack makes most ocean liners look like a bevy of coal barges.

Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna also go in for sailing on the briny. Kay has bought only one evening dress in four months. She likes pajamas for yachting, and not too fancy ones at that. In fact, she's about to lose her reputation as one of Hollywood's best-dressed ladies. Catch Lilyan Tashman and Norma Shearer buying only one evening gown in four months!

I DON'T know who said it first, but I like the current lament: "Times are so bad that the 'yes men' are just nodding now."

GOSH-AMIGHTY, movie salaries are soaring beyond high Olympus. The star system is more firmly entrenched than ever before, and the stars get more pretty shekels than at any time in history—barring a few exceptions like Pickford and Fairbanks, Swanson, Chaplin and Mix. They were up in the "dough" years ago.

Typical salary quotations in 1931 are reported as follows: Constance Bennett, seventy-five hundred dollars per week at Pathé, plus a two-picture contract with Warners at three hundred thousand dollars; George Bancroft at six thousand weekly; Ruth Chatterton will be six hundred and fifty thousand dollars richer at the end of two years, and William Powell is said to draw down seventy-five hundred dollars per week for his first year with Warners, and will get nine thousand every seven days of the second. Ann Harding will make two hundred and sixty thousand dollars next year, and they do say that Norma Shearer's income comes close to a half-million yearly. I know that another studio tried to lure Joan Crawford into new green pastures to the tune of eight thousand dollars weekly. Wow!

JUST to keep the talk going: Lila Lee, recovering from a long illness, has taken her first automobile ride in months. She looks grand. Joan Peers has been fooling Hollywood for some time. She's married, and she commutes from Santa Ana, California, to the studios. Pola Negri, in stunning evening clothes, was beamed by a distinguished gray-haired gent at "The Man In Possession" (stage play, not Robert Montgomery movie). Catherine Dale Owen and Basil Rathbone have been appearing together in a sketch, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," at the New York Palace Theater. Remember Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou in that? Helen Chandler is the step-ma of a six-year-old girl. Ona Munson is wearing a solitaire that would blind you at sixty paces. Fiancé Ernst Lubitsch gave it to her. Incidentally, Ona's lawyer is a brother of Eddie Buzzell. Eddie is Ona's ex. Hedda Hopper at the theater, escorted by her tall, handsome, seventeen-year-old son. Alice White cheering for Joe (Notre Dame) Savoldi at the wrestling matches. Alice is returning to the screen. Ditto Virginia Valli. Monroe Owsley gives up his bachelor house in Beverly Hills and moves into an apartment. He says a house without a woman is like a ship without a sail. Carman Barnes paints her finger-nails gold—but there isn't much gold in them thar hills for Carman. She has yet to make her first picture.

Are You Aware That--

Constance Bennett and Henri de la Falaise sailed for France aboard the same ship—which certainly revives those romance rumors again?

Rudolf Sieber, director-husband of Marlene, conquered his fear of being called "Mr. Dietrich," and has come over to visit her?

Ivan Lebedeff wrote a story for a French magazine called "Le Marquis," that his studio bought the picture rights to it, and that he will play the title rôle?

Edward Everett Horton earned more money in "The Front Page" than Adolphe Menjou? Horton made \$5,000—Menjou a mere \$3,500.

Warners are thinking of renaming their Hollywood Theater in New York the Fairbanks Theater—in honor of Doug, Jr.?

The symbol of HEARTBREAK AGE comes HEAD FIRST!

It's *gray hair*, dear lady. Don't delude yourself about it. For it's the unfailing sign of heartbreak age, irrespective of what your friends may tell you. If you would avoid this age-announcing period, use NOTOX. Then you can safely discard those undeserved years. Yet not with that horrible "dyed" look, heaven forbid! NOTOX is undetectable because it scientifically deposits the color inside the hair shaft, instead of crusting the hair with a *surface* plate of dye, as do all old-fashioned "clear white restorers." NOTOX leaves your hair as glossy, fine and supple as ever, undetectably natural. Washing, waving or sunning NOTOXED hair does not affect it in the *slightest*. Try NOTOX today. *Resent a substitute...* a like product does not exist. Buy NOTOX for home use at smart shops everywhere.

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Ended in 3 Seconds

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A New Redhead Succeeds Clara Bow

(Continued from page 50)

suggestions, menus and rowing-machines.

If an actress becomes a little more voluptuous than the camera allows, it's not only something for the *masseuse* and the wardrobe to worry about. The electricians are given orders to put no highlights on certain parts of her anatomy, the cameramen are told to use close-ups whenever possible, and the prop boys stand around with brassieres. And all the directors, authors, executives and their wives discuss the problem over their ice cream sodas.

"Everything has to be so perfect," sighed Peggy, "I don't know what they do if you have a pimple. Stop production, I guess."

"The minute I got on the set they told me to take off my lingerie, because it made wrinkles under my dress. Travis Banton (who creates the Paramount styles) won't let us wear anything underneath at all."

"Travis is very pleased with my hips," she went on, getting into the spirit of the thing. Peggy's figure presents no problems. Athletics and dancing have kept her slim and graceful.

"And the instructions they give you when you have still pictures taken," she laughed, "are terribly funny. 'Now look as if you just had a love affair!' they tell you. I guess that means with a lock of hair pulled over your eye, like Norma Shearer. Or, 'Look as if you had just awakened!' " Well, it's all in the day's work at a picture studio.

But looking at the resplendent creature the hairdressers and seamstresses have made of Peggy, it's hard to believe she got her start because she wore gingham, with her hair in braids.

On that first trip to New York, Peggy met a girl who was in the Follies. This young lady invited her hayseed friend to go backstage with her one day and watch rehearsal.

"I went, all thrills," said Peggy. "I was expecting to go back to Pine Bluff in a few days, and I was going to have something to tell them about. I stood there while they went through their dance routines. The Follies press-agent spied me—the little girl from the country, dressed in her best silk gingham, with her hair in braids. He came over and said, 'Hey, kid, how'd you like to be in the Follies?'"

"Of course, I had no way of knowing that every year when the Follies open they have some press stunt about a new girl Ziegfeld takes in, with pictures in the papers and much ballyhoo."

"I was terribly flattered because I thought I'd been appreciated at last, and I said I'd love to be a Follies girl."

Then they said, "Can you dance?"

"No."

"Sing?"

"No."

"Well," they said resignedly, "you'll do."

Then they took pictures of her with Florenz Ziegfeld, and with the dance director, and the publicity campaign was on.

"And I thought it was all because I was so wonderful," Peggy laughed. "I went home and told Mother, and that settled it. Of course, I had to see it through. After all that publicity, they *had* to produce me. I never went back to Arkansas."

"I didn't know a thing about dancing. But anyone who can't learn to dance during those six weeks of strenuous rehearsals, is *never* going to learn. I didn't have any trouble getting on with the girls. I was in a dressing-room with about a dozen others. The oldest was seventeen, and none of them was much more sophisticated than I was. It's the show girls, not the chorus, who are the real Follies girls. But I got along all right with them, too." Just a smart girl.

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Marlboros are machine

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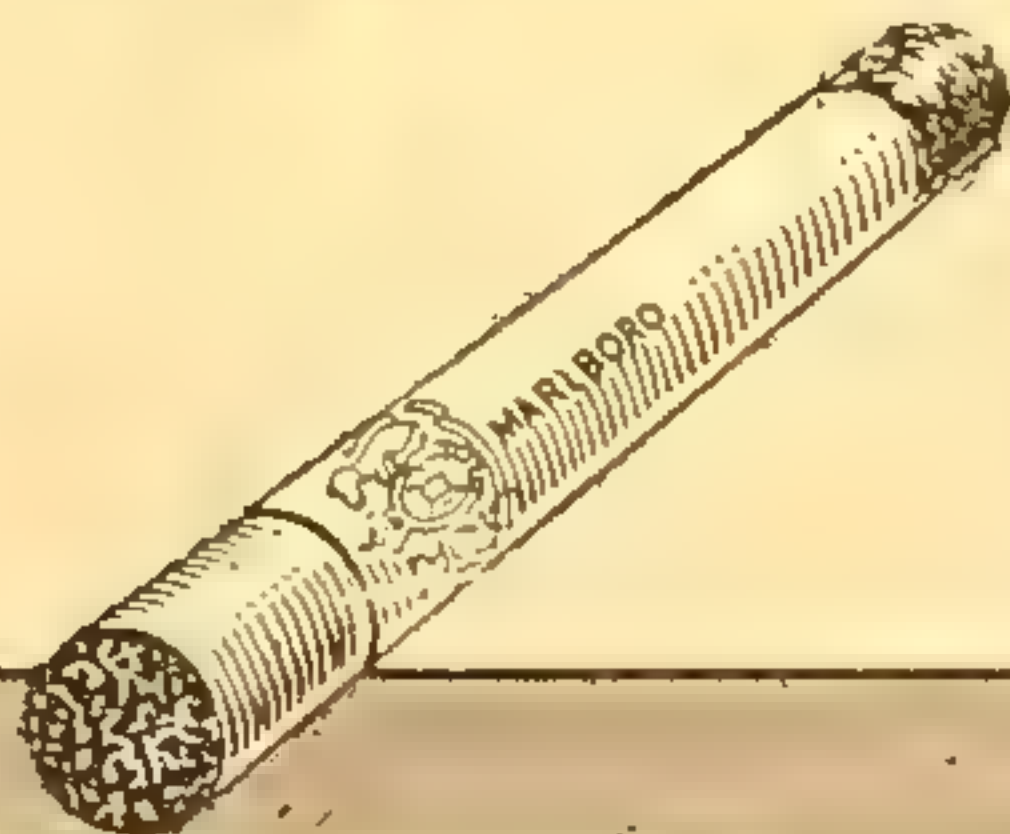
fingers, not even your own, can soil their freshness.

Ivory Tips are insurance against infection of chapped or roughened lips.

MARLBORO

PLAIN • IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette



Philip Morris

LADIES, we rise to defend you!

Certain harassed census-men, in a large eastern city, demanded five extra weeks to complete their 1930 survey, declaring that no womenfolk were ever at home.

"They gad all day long," wailed the h. c.-m.

But step into some nearby shopping district, and there you will discover these women. In grocery stores, looking at the canned goods. In electrical shops, watching the demonstration of a new vacuum cleaner. In china stores, looking over the latest shapes in colored glassware. Keeping up on the business of home-making, just as surely as a man keeps up on his competitor's products and selling activities.

The big difference between gadding on Main Street and shopping in the same thoroughfare is your present state of intelligence, madam! And that's no idle compliment.

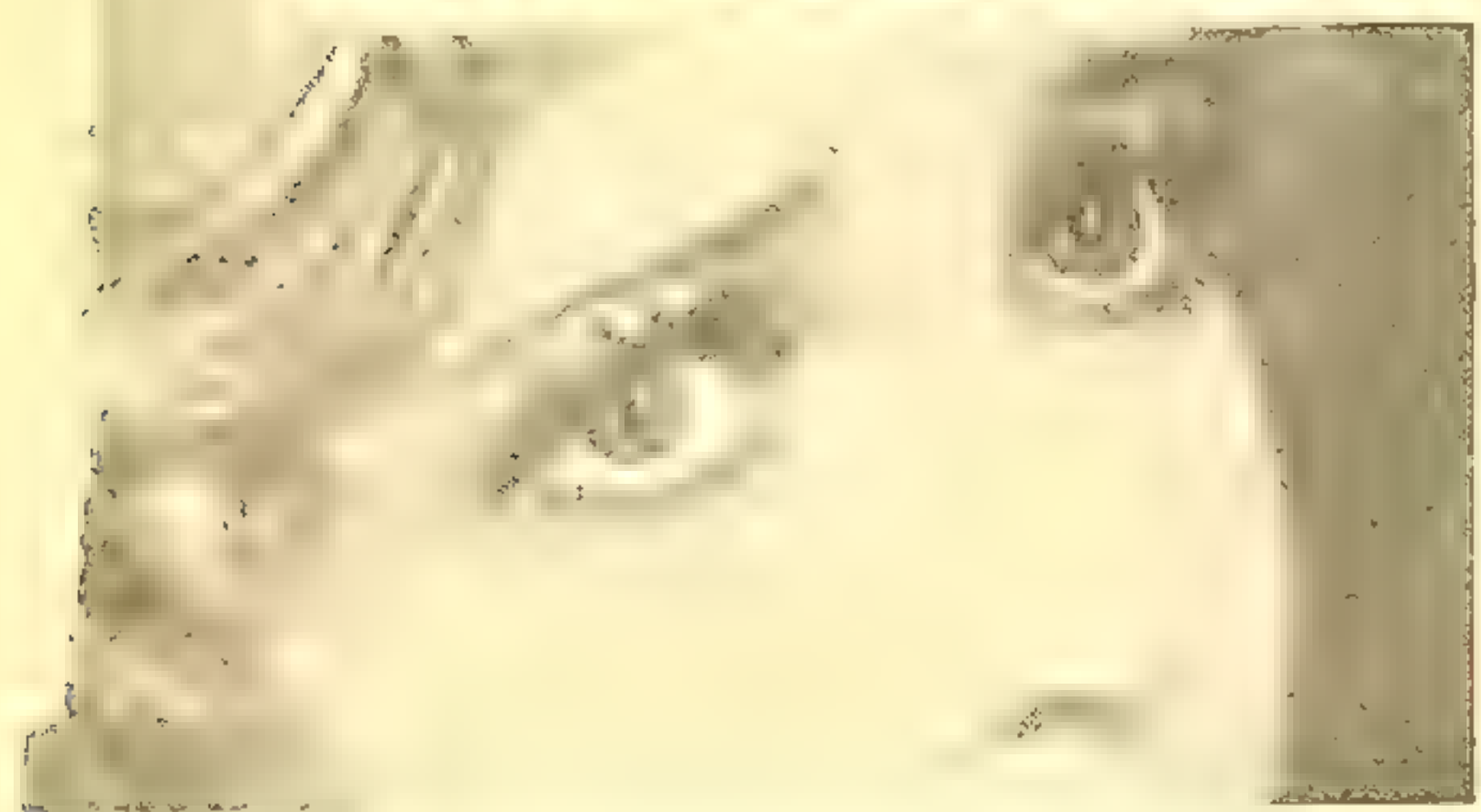
Today you start out with a well-informed mind. You have read the news of what is new in the advertising columns. Advertising has even informed you about what you should expect to pay for various commodities, and has told you where to go to see the latest goods.

When you read before you shop, you look before you leap. And when you shop thus intelligently you're going about your *business* . . . not gadding!

more personalities

September Issue Now on Sale
ALL NEWSSTANDS

LOSE EYES? LOOK AGAIN!



These tragic blue eyes belong to a youthful RKO-Pathé star who is rapidly gaining fame as a dramatic actress. She has flaming red hair, is 5 ft., 5 in. tall, and weighs 120 lbs. Name below*.

soothing to hay fever eyes

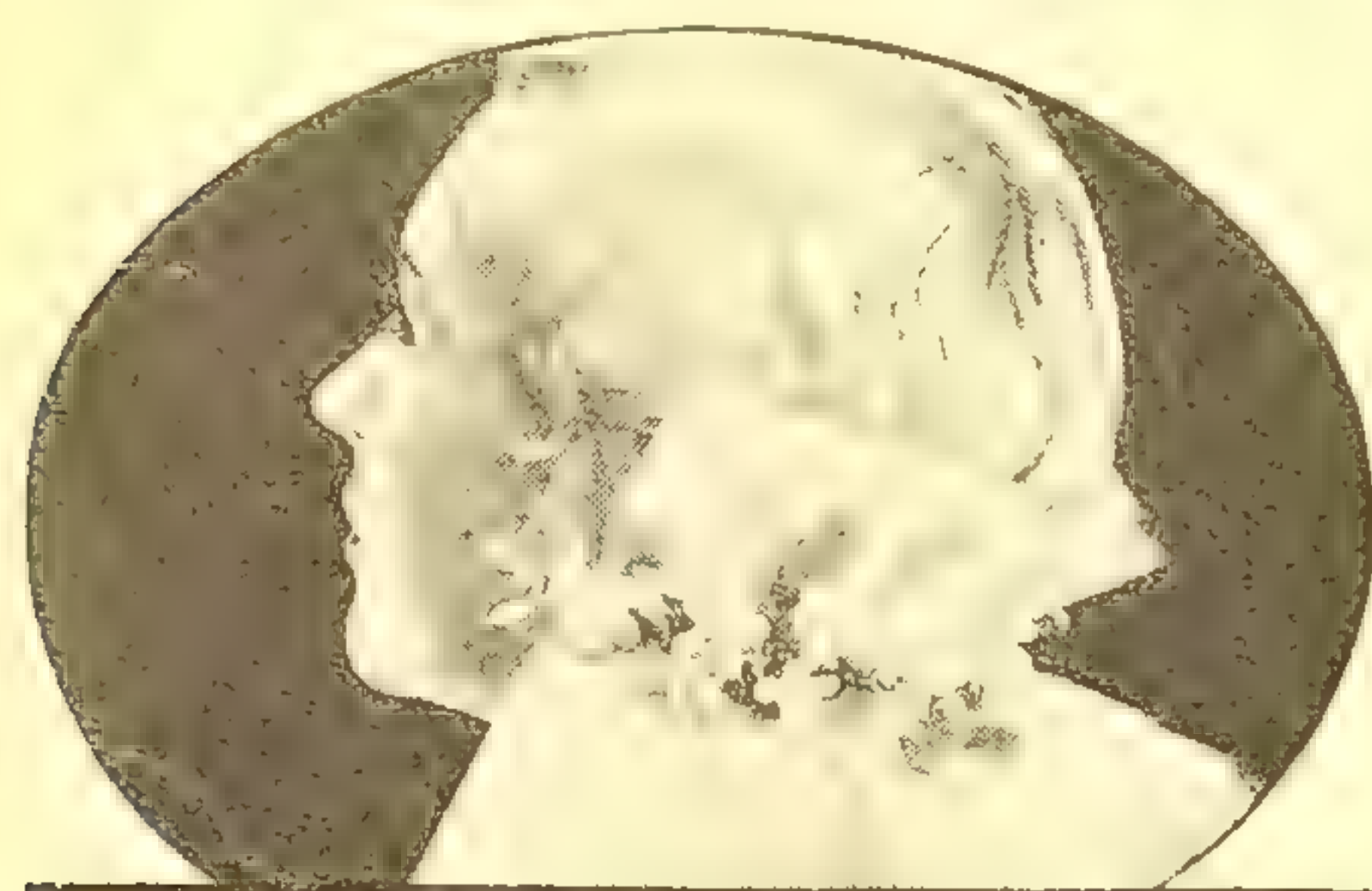
If your annual hay fever attack is accompanied by itching, burning, watering eyes, here's welcome news for you. All you need do to gain relief is apply a few drops of soothing *Murine* from time to time. Almost immediately the irritation will cease, and before long your eyes will stop watering. This widely-used formula of a veteran eye specialist costs only 60c at all drug and department stores.

*Helen Twelvetrees

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Soothes... Cleanses... Beautifies



BLONDES win wedding veils

LUCKY blondes—honeymoon bound. For blonde hair has an irresistible allure. That's why thousands of blondes count on Blondex to preserve this priceless heritage. This special blonde hair shampoo keeps hair unforgettably radiant—bright, fluffy, alluring! Prevents darkening—safely brings back sunny, golden glint to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Kind to the scalp. Blondex will bring out the natural gleaming gold now hidden in your hair. At all good drug and department stores.



**New Invention
Keeps Soft Collars
Neat and Trim
BARSTAY!**

24 K. Gold. Not a pin.
Bar slides into collar.

Agents are ordering up to 1000 at a time—making \$50 to \$100 a week. Every man buys. No competition. Makes soft collars lie smooth and flat. 200 to 600% profit selling direct to users and dealers. Send 25c for 1 sample Barstay. Credit given on first order. Send at once for sample and proposition.

CREST SPECIALTY CO.

309 Crest Building

Chicago, Illinois



Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 47)

PAUL LUKAS, not John Boles, will play the rôle of the romantic opera singer in "Strictly Dishonorable." This sudden switch of plans was not due to any failing of Boles in the test rôles.

To the contrary, John Stahl was so pleased with the first tests made of Boles that he invited several critics, who had criticized his casting in the picture, to come out to the studio and see a John Boles that would surprise them.

Just as the picture was about to go into production, John became afflicted with an abscessed tooth. His face was swollen completely out of shape.

Production schedules could not be held up. So Paul Lukas was rushed over from Paramount to pinch-hit.

DID you know that Winnie Lightner has a three-year-old son named Richard Barthelmess Holtrie?

Neither did a lot of people in Hollywood, until an announcement came from the studio that Winnie and her small son were going on a vacation to New York.

Winnie didn't know Dick except as a fan when she named the youngster.

MADGE EVANS isn't the only ex-child star to stage a "grown-up" comeback in the talkies.

Virginia Lee Corbin, missing from the screen for several years, has been selected by Columbia to support Colonel Tim McCoy in the first of his new outdoor pictures, "Shotgun Pass."

CLARK GABLE is playing opposite Greta Garbo in her new picture. One day at lunch he was approached by an ambitious reporter. "How do you find Miss Garbo?" he was asked.

"I don't," said Clark. "She is always on the set ahead of me."

And what's more—they say Clark isn't a bit "scared" of Greta like most of the other leading men who have played opposite her.

THE sympathy of the entire picture colony went out to the George Fitzmaurices when it became known that their infant son, Michael (a twin), had died twenty-one days after birth. The other twin, a girl, is doing very nicely. The Fitzmaurices have one other daughter, Sheila, two years old.

A week after the death of the Fitzmaurice infant, twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Glass. Only one survived—also a girl.

NORMA TALMADGE walked into the Embassy Club the other day, looking so beautiful that several of our newest charmers were completely put in the shade.

For a moment, at first glimpse, it looked as though Norma had joined the ranks of those who have gone blonde on us. Her hair seemed several shades lighter.

But Norma denied all peroxide intent. "It's just that my face is so sunburned and tanned that my hair looks lighter," she explained.

SEEN At The Première of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s "Man in Possession"—A Stage Play:

Joan Crawford, all in white, sitting with William Haines and as nervous as though she were upon the stage.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—Mary in pale green chiffon with gold evening wrap. They had to autograph programs after the play until one A.M.

William Powell and Carole Lombard in a party with the Richard Barthelmesses.

Loretta Young and Irving Asher—Loretta in flame chiffon.

Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg—Marlene in white trimmed with sable.

Young Doug getting a tremendous hand.

THE romance, if there was one, between Jean Harlow and Paul Bern seems to have cooled to a casual friendship—and now you see Jean almost everywhere with Jack Runyon, a young stock broker.

Jean wore a tight-fitting dinner hat to the Cocoanut Grove the other night and was hardly recognized by the same crowd that usually gives her a flattering show of attention. The hat hid her famous hair completely and if she had worn a mask she could not have been better disguised.

NILS ASTHER has been busy preparing to welcome his family to Hollywood.

His mother has just arrived from Sweden to visit him, and his wife, Vivian Duncan, is expected soon with their small daughter, born in Europe, whom Nils has not yet seen.

Nils has taken a house in North Hollywood—all ready to settle down.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had a chance to play "hero" off the screen recently, when he arrived at the scene of an automobile accident in time to pull a mother, father and small child through the window of a sedan after the car had turned over.

Doug, riding on the back seat of his limousine, saw the accident take place and was first upon the scene to aid the shaken, but uninjured motorists.

Once assured that they weren't seriously hurt, the entire family were as pleased as all-get-out to realize they had been "rescued" by the movie idol.

JOSEPHINE DUNN and Clyde Greathouse are "signing off" after only five brief months of matrimony.

Counter-suits have been filed in the divorce. Greathouse charges Josephine with scratching his face and other inflictions of cruelty. Josephine says Greathouse did not support her.

She was awarded temporary alimony of seventy-five dollars monthly pending the trial.

WHEN Norma Shearer returned from her trip to Europe, she found her home at Santa Monica not only completed, but also entirely furnished, with all her personal belongings "moved in." Builders, architects, interior decorators and other craftsmen combined to finish the fifty-thousand-dollar French Provincial beach house in record time.

Jetta Goudal furnished the artistic touches of the interior decoration.

TOMMY LEE, who has been Virginia Cherrill's devoted escort for 10, these many months, was seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the other night with Carmen Pantages.

(Continued on page 78)



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test proves
you can end

GRAY HAIR

You take no risk Mary T. Goldman's way. Make test first on single lock snipped from your hair. Comb colorless liquid through graying strands. See how desired color comes—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Nothing to rub off or stain clothing. Safe. Easy. Sensible. Why not try it? You risk nothing.



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if O. B. C. T. does not do what is claimed for it. Prove this at our risk. Send no money. Pay postman \$1.50 when package arrives. Money positively refunded if you do not lose weight on first box. Two weeks' treatment should convince you. —Start reducing right away—write today.

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10 cents to cover the cost of postage and packing
producer at RKU? Send today. LOVE CHARM
is, Mo. Dept. 109-1.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 76)

IF it is any surprise to you, Carman Barnes will not play a featured rôle in "The Road to Reno" with Charles Rogers. Peggy Shannon has been substituted for the long-waiting Carman and Hollywood is settling down to wait for another announcement (which is about all it gets) of Carman's screen future.

DOUG FAIRBANKS is mad. When local reporters told him there were "extras" out in New York with flaring headlines proclaiming that he and Mary were getting a divorce and asked him for a statement, he was burned up about it. "If they don't check up with me before printing such stuff, how do they expect to check up after it's printed?" he shouted. The gist of Doug's remarks was that there was nothing to the divorce rumor.

THE divorce laws are so complicated that couples are sometimes married in one state and not in the next. Now it's the ex-Lady Inverclyde, who has announced her engagement to Lothar Mendez, the director. She went to Reno to institute the divorce proceedings that her husband refused to allow her in England, only to find that unless he were represented in Reno court her divorce would not be recognized in England. He apparently was, for she has her divorce.

A LONDON newspaper cabled a Hollywood correspondent, warning "June"—as Lady Inverclyde is widely known to London theatrical audiences—not to marry again. Recently Ronald Colman went to London for the reported purpose of getting his long-delayed divorce, only to find that the international situation in regard to divorce laws was so complicated that he couldn't be sure of his status anywhere.

IT isn't only feminine film fans who are crazy about Clark Gable. It is said that the more famous and possibly more ornamental ladies of the movies are casting burning glances his way. Everyone wants him for leading man. He is one of the few men ever to be admitted to Garbo's studio-bungalow living-room.

IT used to be "I'm Jesse James—stick 'em up!" when small boys played bad man. Now they shout: "I'm Lew Ayres—stick 'em up!" But what a mouthful for young bandits to shout: "I'm Edward G. Robinson! Put 'em up!"

JUST when she was on the point of beginning the biggest picture of the year—or at least the biggest part she has ever played—in "Street Scene," Sylvia Sidney was injured. Her automobile was hit by another and, bracing herself to meet the shock, she received all the force of the impact in her ankle, breaking a bone. The same ankle was broken before and frantic telephoning East couldn't locate the X-ray pictures. While doctors developed new X-rays and Sylvia's mother wrung her hands over her daughter's mishap, small Sylvia sat in a wheel-chair and said fatalistically, "Oh, well—that's that. There will be other pictures. There are always other pictures." But doctors overcame the difficulty and, sitting in a wheel-chair with her ankle tightly bandaged, Sylvia rehearsed her rôle—and will be seen in the picture, after all.



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Embarrassing freckles just naturally fade out with the application of this scientific SAFE bleach cream, leaving the skin clear and beautiful.

The standard freckle remover for 40 years . . . satisfaction guaranteed. At your drug store . . . or send 65c for 1 oz. jar or \$1.25 for 2 oz. jar to the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. MC-9, 2075 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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and learn that what was considered impossible before—the banishing of pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, wrinkles and other defects—can now be done by any person at home in 3 days' time, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS," which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. A-32, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge or obligation. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

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Read Motion Picture

Packed with Features, Crammed with Pictures, Brimful of Movie Personalities

September Issue Now on Sale

ALL NEWSSTANDS

Hollywood's Hottest Lovers

(Continued from page 19)

physique of any man in Hollywood. You should see the sensation he creates on the beach at Malibu. Lunches are forgotten and excuses made for maneuvering for a better view of Joel."

Edmund Lowe is a heart-thumper both on and off the screen. Women of all nations fall for his masculine charm. His is the sex appeal of swagger, ruthlessness.

Marlene Dietrich gave Gary Cooper a great-lover reputation in "Morocco." But to Lupe Velez, he has *always* been the beeg "It" boy. "That Gary—I love heem best in all thees world. He ees so cute." Only Lupe speaks of Gary as being cute; but just the same, feminine hearts go flippity-flop when Gary pulls the well-known Cooper smile. His secret of sex appeal is a suggestion of being hard to win.

Flashing into prominence again, Ricardo Cortez is brightening eyes and adding speed to pulses. Once they tried to make a second Valentino of Cortez, but they mistook his sex appeal. It is not dark hair and burning eyes—but a look of cruelty about his mouth. Now Ric has scored at least a half-dozen rip-snorthing successes with his romantic wickedness.

The Latin type he represents is tied up with romance in the mind of the public," says Helen Twelvetrees. "I admire his finesse. There's a something about him." That's the Cortez secret—a something. He can play the toughest and most unsympathetic rôle, and smash hearts in the interim. That's masculine sex appeal!

When Lawrence Tibbett sings on an M-G-M set, women stand transfixed. Yet he is no modern edition of a Greek god. He laughs at his own face. But if any screen voice has sex appeal, Tibbett's does. His clear, vibrant tones are like a caress. "That guy sure slays the dames," says a carpenter as he watches a scene being made. "No wonder he blew out twenty-seven fuses when they took his first tests." Whether Tibbett's power over the ladies is in its volume or in the quality, his voice, combined with his devil-may-care attitude, certainly places him high in feminine favor.

While Ramon Novarro, Warner Baxter, Maurice Chevalier, Paul Lukas, John Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Richard Barthelmess, John Boles, James Cagney, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford and a score of others can boast of a certain definite attraction, the real hot Romeos—the big sex-appeal boys of the screen—can be counted on your fingers!

Says Marie Dressler, "You can shout about your Gables and your young Greek gods all you want, but I think Wallace Beery, the big clunk, has more whatever-you-call-it than all the others put together. His mash notes are amazing. And when he parades down Hollywood Boulevard all dressed up, he gets plenty of glances from the doll-babies, don't worry."

Talent plays second fiddle where physical appeal is concerned. Looks, too, are not so necessary. While Clark Gable is by popular acclaim the moment's sensation, he's far from being a collar-ad type. His forehead is low, his full face broad. These things don't matter, so long as his screen kiss makes every woman in the audience feel kissed.

The phantom-women in the illustrations on pages 18 and 19 are:

Loretta Young—with Ronald Colman
Greta Garbo—with Clark Gable
Mary Astor—with Ricardo Cortez
Irene Dunne—with Richard Dix
Dorothy Mackaill—with Joel McCrea
Livia Sidney—with Phillips Holmes

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Please send me your Art Questionnaire and book, "Your Future," free of charge.

Name.....

Age..... Present Occupation.....

Address.....

dancing at the Co-

Born to the Spotlight

(Continued from page 60)

crazy to want to do anything else. They think the public doesn't like a woman comedian, unless she has reached the age and proportions of a Marie Dressler. But I'm waiting for the day when I can do rôles like Marion Davies'."

The thing that hampers Leila's ambition is that she's too decorative. She'll never be a prima donna in her own right while she's so becoming to male stars. They know nothing sets them off like the bloneness of Leila. So she's eternally in demand as a leading woman. She's so misty and tremulous—just the right sort of girl to make a man seem virile. Yet somehow not striking enough to dim his own brilliance. Sort of knows her place.

It is she who has brought out the vividness of John Gilbert in all of his last three talkies. As one who ought to know, Leila makes a few pertinent remarks about the Gilbert voice.

Explaining John Gilbert

"HIS voice is all right," she insists. "There's absolutely nothing the matter with it. But he has been ruined in talkies by the very thing that was his greatest asset in silent pictures. He is so vibrant, so electric—he reminds me of a coil spring. It is a physical impossibility for him to relax. Tightness, tenseness, is the essence of his personality."

"But it just happens that vibrancy doesn't go in talking pictures. Everything has to be calm, slow, relaxed. As soon as he got used to the slow tempo of talkies, to a sort of *legato* technique, he was all right."

Another question on which Leila desires to set the world right is this matter of pull.

"Don't ever think," she said emphatically, "that pull helps you to get a job. I spent a whole year trying to break into pictures in New York. My parents knew all the producers and I could get in to see any of them. But it didn't get me anywhere. After months of doing extra work, I finally gave up and got a job posing for commercial advertising."

That was so easy and paid so well that she snapped her fingers at pictures, until one day Fox called her up and offered her a job. That was how Leila got a part in "Summer Bachelors," stole the picture, and rose to her present eminence as the blonde and blue-eyed love interest for Metro's big heroes.

She isn't really very much concerned about whether they let her be a comédienne or not. She considers herself the luckiest and happiest girl in the world. She has a grand disposition. She loves her work, her husband, and her circulating library. She has a passion for bridge, and there are plenty of neighbors always looking for a fourth. She has a beach house at Malibu that she and her husband (Phil Berg is the name) bought because they couldn't afford to pay the rent. It was destroyed by fire last winter, but this summer they have rebuilt it.

The moral is: a trunk-tray is as good as a dark blue perambulator, any day.

Did You Know That--

Grant Withers recently rescued Marjorie White when she fell off a yacht?

Loretta Young (Mrs. Withers that was) and Ricardo Cortez are Great Pals?

Rudolf Sieber says Marlene Dietrich is the world's best cook, when it comes to fixing eggs? He ought to know. He's her husband!

As Lydell Peck (husband of Janet Gaynor) has been promoted and now is an associate producer at RKO?

ZIP • IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT



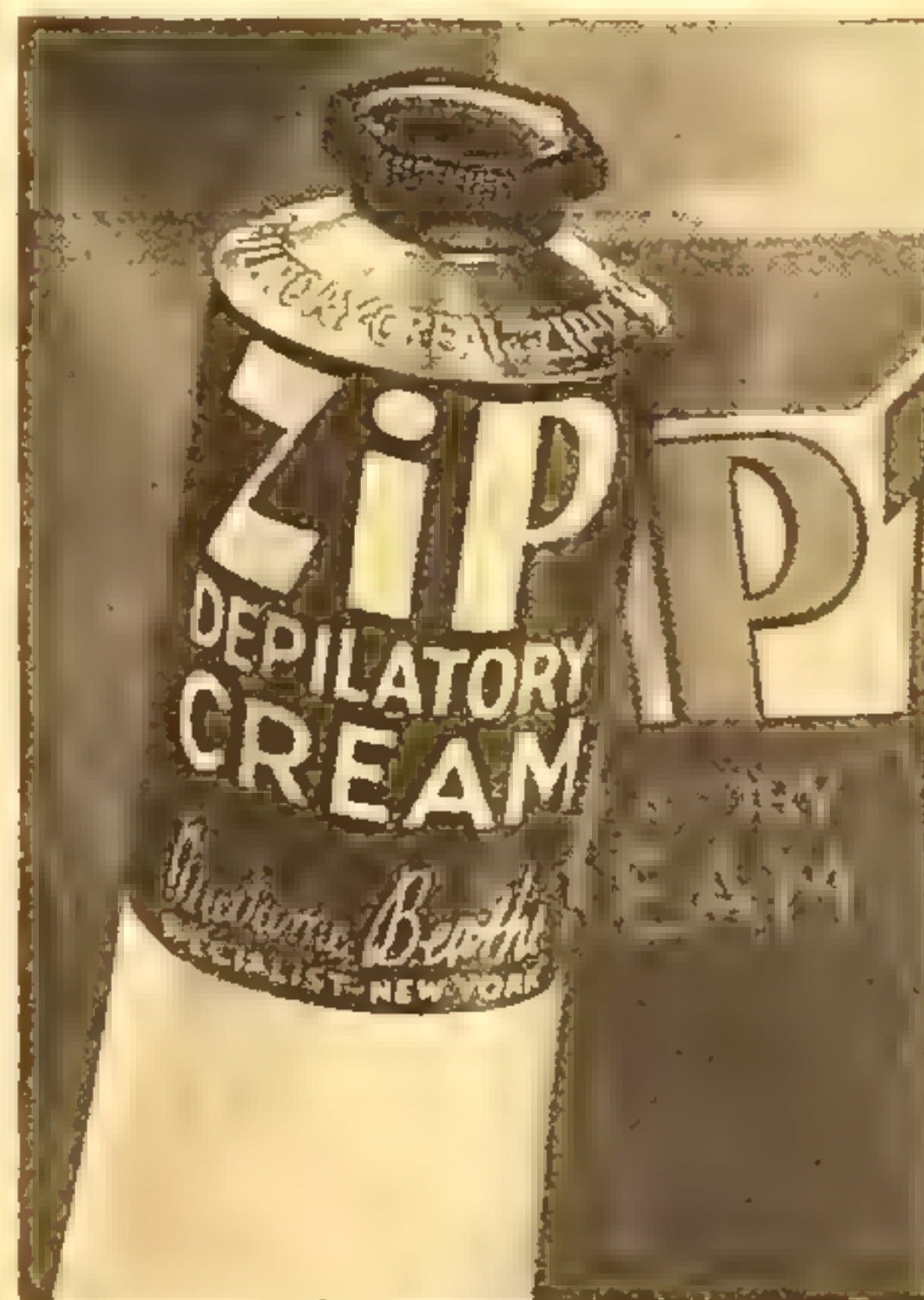
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GIANT TUBE—a half foot long

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TODAY, ZIP is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths on the face, arms, legs and underarms, permanently, by removing the cause. Tested and approved by thousands of women over a period of twenty years.

So simple. So quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin; . . . no prickly stubble later on; . . . no dark shadow under the skin . . . That is why so many screen stars and Beauty Specialists recommend ZIP.

ZIP is pleasant to use, safe, and delightfully fragrant. It is this product which I use at my Fifth Avenue Salon. It acts immediately and brings lasting results. Now, in its new package, it may be had at \$1.00.

JUST spread the new ZIP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this white, fragrant, smooth cream; safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious; in a giant tube, twice the size at half the price. ZIP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, no irritation. It is the most modern, instantly removes every vestige of hair, and relieves you of every fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

And if you insist on using the harsh razor at times, . . . take this advice from one who knows: Protect the skin before applying the razor. Simply spread ZIP-SHAVE over the surface . . . and shave. The application of ZIP-SHAVE not only speeds up the razor, but overcomes chaf as well. Tube, 50c.

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So modern doctors, the world over, are now combating that condition. They are feeding to the over-fat what the weak gland is failing to supply.

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Do this now, because of what this method has done for millions everywhere. Cease the hard and harmful methods, and the false. Do what modern doctors do with such remarkable success. Order a box today.

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TEN-SECOND REVIEWS

WHAT IS IT ABOUT? HOW GOOD IS IT?

Alexander Hamilton

With the aid of an exceptional cast, George Arliss gives a bit of dramatic spice to American history. He plays the young hero (W. B.).

Arizona

A colorful Western, featuring John Wayne and some remarkable scenery. For lovers of the Great Outdoors, not drama critics (Col.).

Bad Girl

Vinna Delmar's realistic novel about the untutored young city couple who were overtaken by parenthood, made into a clever little movie. Sally Eilers and James Dunn—a sensational newcomer—are featured (Fox).

The Bargain

The father-and-son theme again, and again with Lewis Stone the father. John Darrow is the son with whom he changes jobs, making interesting drama (F. N.).

Bought

Constance Bennett once more is sorely tempted, but this time she has a dramatic story to work with. Ben Lyon and father Richard Bennett ably assist (F. N.).

The Brat

Sally O'Neil makes a comeback in the old story of the East Side girl who has a West Side benefactor. The drama shows its age, unfortunately (Fox).

Broadminded

Joe E. Brown and Buster Collier go to California—of all places—to escape from women. Their efforts, like their comedy, are not very successful (F. N.).

Caught

Louise Dresser plays *Calamity Jane*, an outlaw leader of the old West, and Richard Arlen seeks to trap her. Different, but none too exciting (Par.).

Chances

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. starts his starring career with a war story that has its weak spots—but his acting (and Anthony Bushell's) almost hide them (F. N.).

Enemies of the Law

The old story of the Secret Service gal who falls for the gang leader and sets out to reform him. Mary Nolan is the girl (Capitol).

Ex-Bad Boy

Not a gangster picture, but an amusing comedy about a small-town Romeo (Robert Armstrong) who tells too many stories about his conquests (RKO).

Expensive Women

Dolores Costello comes back, more glamorous than ever—though it's a surprise to see her as a woman-of-the-world (W. B.).

First Aid

A thriller involving a gang, a girl, and a hospital interne who is kidnapped to perform an operation. Grant Withers makes a likable interne (Sono Art).

Five-Star Final

A bitter and powerful indictment of scandal sheets, with Edward G. Robinson the memorable editor who loses his conscience (F. N.).

Goldie

Except that they're sailors instead of marines, Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymers pursue Jean Harlow in the Lowe-McLaglen manner (Fox).

The Great Lover

With a story that fits him like his custom-made clothes, Adolphe Menjou has an entertaining series of romantic adventures (M-G-M).

Guilty Hands

Lionel Barrymore proves anew that he's an expert at melodrama. This one has a murder, with a surprise punch at the end (M-G-M).

Heaven On Earth

Lew Ayres and Anita Louise enact an idyll of love on the banks of the dramatic Mississippi. Lew at his best (Univ.).

High Stakes

Lowell Sherman, pleasantly inebriated, reveals his brother's wife as a little gold-digger. Trivial, but smooth (RKO).

A Holy Terror

George O'Brien, of the handsome physique, romps through a Western that is much better and much more amusing than most (Fox).

Honeymoon Lane

The title gives it away as a sentimental little piece, but doesn't prepare you for the antics of Ray Dooley, new screen comédienne. She steals the picture away from Eddie Dowling (Par.).

The Lady From Nowhere

John Holland sets out to trap some counterfeiters, but a girl (Alice Day) gets in his way. A thriller that will do (Chesterfield).

Lasca of the Rio Grande

Adventure and passion along the Mexican border, with John Mack Brown and Dorothy Burgess featured. Little that is new except a tragic ending (Univ.).

Lullaby

Here you see the far-famed Helen Hayes—not a great beauty, but a great actress—in her first talkie: an intense, heart-wrenching tale of mother-love (M-G-M).

The Mad Genius

John Barrymore again disguises his handsome profile, and again hypnotizes in a bitter rôle—that of a crippled dancing master (W. B.).

The Magnificent Lie

Ruth Chatterton once more is trapped in a net of intrigue and finds an interesting way out (Par.).

The Man in Possession

Pleasant Robert Montgomery nonsense, about a sheriff's clerk who has to occupy a lady's house and obligingly becomes her butler (M-G-M).

Men of the Sky

Musical comedy war, this time in the air. Jack Whiting sings well—but is it worth while? (F. N.).

Merely Mary Ann

That unbeatable combination of Gaynor and Farrell in another satisfying sentimental drama. Janet is a struggling slavey in a rooming-house and Charlie is a struggling young composer (Fox).

The Miracle Woman

Barbara Stanwyck, who continues to prove that she is one of the screen's best actresses, shows you what a lady evangelist is like (Col.).

The Mystery of Life

The drama of Evolution, with an accompanying lecture by Clarence Darrow. For those in search of education more than entertainment (Univ.).

Night Angel

For no reason at all, this complicated bit of intrigue is laid in Czecho-Slovakia—for neither Nancy Carroll nor Fredric March looks Slavic (Par.).

The Phantom of Paris

Wearing a Van Dyke beard and playing the part of a romantic magician, John Gilbert makes a great comeback. Previewed as "Cheri-Bibi" (M-G-M).

The Public Defender

The most convincing of the screen's he-men—Richard Dix—provides you with a fast-moving mystery thriller of the pre-war type (RKO).

Rebound

On the "rebound" from other loves, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry in haste and repent with pleasure. It's a triumph for sophisticated Ina. Don't take the children, but be sure to go yourself (RKO-Pathé).

The Reckless Hour

Dorothy Mackaill's past (namely, Walter Byron) complicates her romance with Conrad Nagel. Better than it sounds (F. N.).

Runaround

A sweet little chorus-girl (Mary Brian) plots to wed for money, but Geoffrey Kerr (The Money) has a neat counter-plot. Amusing light comedy. Previewed as "Waiting at the Church" (RKO).

Salvation Nell

Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves give new life to the old, but still potent story of the girl of the slums who redeems her man (Tiffany).

Sea Eagles

As in real life, Wallace Beery goes in for aviation. It's more eventful than real life, however (M-G-M).

Secrets of a Secretary

Attractive Claudette Colbert again has intriguing adventures on the fringe of society. You'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour

Conan Doyle's famous detective comes to life and solves a tense murder mystery. Made in England, with Arthur Wontner a most satisfying *Holmes* (First Division).

Side Show

Winnie Lightner substitutes for several members of a troupe of "freaks." A good opportunity for Winnie's facial antics (W. B.).

The Sidewalks of New York

Buster Keaton gets into trouble on the East Side, West Side and all around the town. Good Keaton comedy (M-G-M).

Silence

A strong story of a man's degeneration, superbly acted by Clive Brook—with beautiful assistance from Peggy Shannon (Par.).

The Smiling Lieutenant

The gayest of all the year's pictures, with Maurice Chevalier treating you to another sparkling satire of royalty and romance. You'll like even the music (Par.).

Smart Woman

Mary Astor falls into, and squeezes out of, another tight affair—and Edward Everett Horton steals another picture. When is Mary going to have a new story? (RKO).

Son of India

Son of a wealthy Hindu, Ramon Novarro has a heart-breaking romance with a white girl (Madge Evans). His best talkie (M-G-M).

Sporting Blood

Life and love around a racetrack—but it carries a punch. Clark Gable and Madge Evans are featured (M-G-M).

The Star Witness

A home-loving family witness a gangland murder and are relentlessly pursued by the murderers to prevent their giving evidence. Chic Sale steals the picture (a good one) away from Walter Huston (W. B.).

Sweepstakes

An entertaining story of horses and their followers, with James Gleason's wisecracks a continual delight (RKO).

Their Mad Moment

Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill have their troubles When Love Comes Along. Grade B comedy melodrama (Fox).

This Modern Age

Joan Crawford temporarily returns to the dancing-daughter type of story—and proves that she has outgrown it (M-G-M).

Three Who Loved

Two bank clerks—Robert Ames and Conrad Nagel—vie for the affections of Betty Compson, until one of them gets into trouble. A triangle story with action (RKO).

Trans-Atlantic

Edmund Lowe steals aboard a Europe-bound liner, and there is suspense all the way across. Novel (Fox).

The Viking

The picture that Varick Frissell was killed in making—a simple, intense story of life on the Labrador coast. Part sound effects, part talking (J. D. Williams).

Waterloo Bridge

A powerful and tragic tale of love in wartime London, with Mae Clarke a girl of the streets and Kent Douglass a young soldier on leave (Univ.).

The Woman Between

Lily Damita marries an older man, then falls in love with her stepson—a circumstance that brings semi-tragic consequences. Slow (RKO).

Women Go On Forever

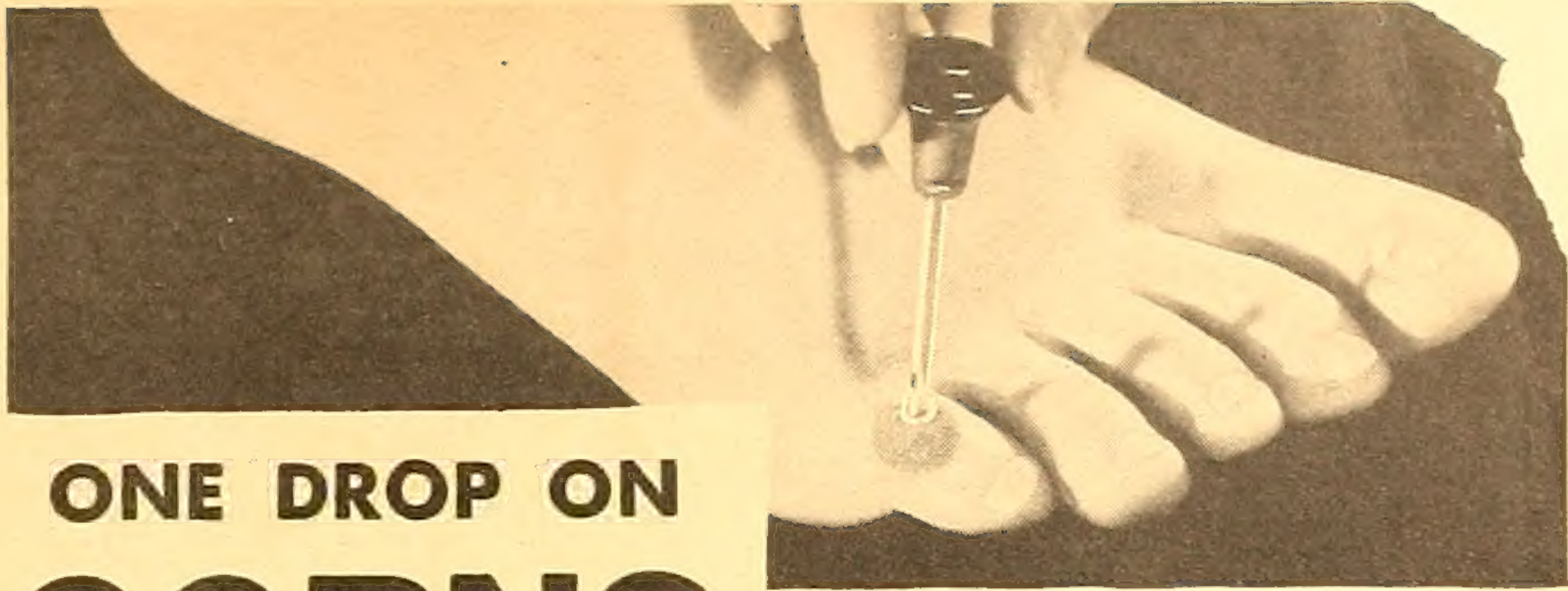
Clara Kimball Young comes back and, surprisingly enough, manages a dramatic boarding-house (Tiffany).

Women Love Once

Eleanor Boardman has the misfortune to win a worthless husband, but abides by her bargain. Slow, interesting (Par.).

Pat Living As You Feel

Pat Living As You Feel. Heure his sons of obeying those impulses. Will pretend to sow a few wild oats, himself. Will new batch of wisecracks are the whole picture.



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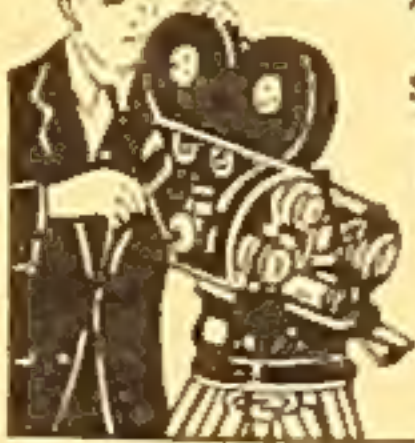
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Dept. 5



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Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious *then*, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is

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It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks *simply everywhere*—on the edges of swimming pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom.

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Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until

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You can get Absorbine Jr. at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take it on every outing—use it freely.

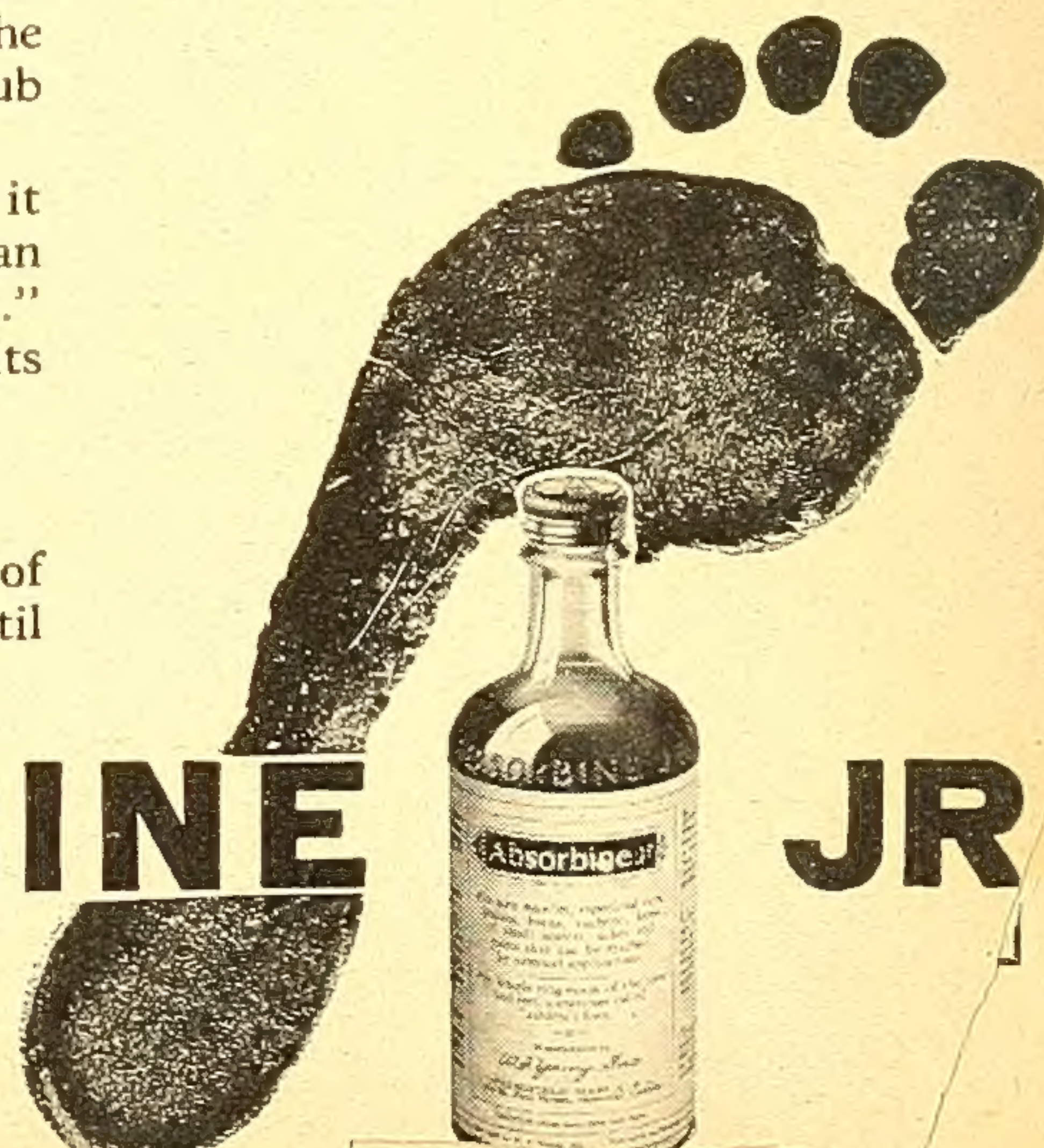
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*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dry-
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